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H. A. SMITH, EDITOR.

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For more than four years Mrs. Bender has been using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as a family medicine.

Mrs. E. A. Bender lives in Keene, Coshocton Co., Ohio, and from there she writes:

"As a cough remedy and blood purifier there is nothing better, and after having the grip is just the right medicine for a complete bracing up. Our boy has taken three bottles for St. Vitus's dance. He was very nervous and constantly jerking and twitching and now is as steady as any one; in fact seems entirely cured."

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is a medicine that will help you no matter what ails you. This is true because it works directly at the roots of all disease—the digestive system, the blood, the nerves. Keep these in healthy condition and you cannot be sick.

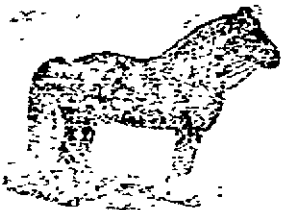
Many of the cures of the "Golden Medical Discovery" seem almost miraculous. Its effect is almost immediate. It takes hold at once. It tones up the stomach, invigorates the liver, regulates the bowels.

It gets right into the blood and carries strength and comfort to every fiber of the body. It nourishes and invigorates the weakened, irritated nerves and puts the entire system in perfect tune.

It is a safe medicine. Safe for adults—safe for children. It contains no sugar, syrup, whisky, alcohol or dangerous opiates. Therefore, it does not create a craving for stimulants. It is distinctly a temperance medicine.

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MULES



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Again I call your attention to the fine large line of shoes I carry. My stock is just double that of last year, and I have a much better assortment.

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GRAND ARMY'S PARADE

Twenty Thousand Veterans March Through Philadelphia Streets.

REVIEWED BY THE PRESIDENT.

The Chief Magistrate of the Nation Also Visited the War Vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron and Was Given an Enthusiastic Reception.

Philadelphia, Sept. 6.—Of the 50,000 veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic now in this city 20,000 participated in yesterday's parade, which was reviewed by President McKinley at the city hall. The parade was witnessed by nearly a hundred thousand people, who lined the streets along the three and a half mile line of march and crowded every window and other point of vantage from which a view of the great concourse could be had. The people were packed in such solid masses that even breathing was difficult. As a result of the crush about 400 men, women and children were overcome and taken from the crowd to various hospitals.

With President McKinley and Mayor Ashbridge there were on the reviewing stand Rear Admiral Melville, Rear Admiral Sampson and the officers of the fleet now in the harbor, together with Secretary of War Root, Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, Jacob G. Schurman, of the Philippine commission; Presidential Secretary J. Addison Porter and Assistant Secretary George B. Cortelyou.

The parade was six hours and ten minutes passing the reviewing stand.

At the head of each organization marched military bands and drum corps, and as the war scarred veterans moved proudly along the streets tumultuous applause greeted them and a sea of handkerchiefs and small flags waved in admiration and welcome.

When the Ohio posts appeared the aged paraders became wild with enthusiasm. One veteran broke ranks and standing before his comrades shouted: "Three cheers for the biggest man on earth, Major William McKinley, of Ohio." This invitation for cheers was followed by a mighty roar, which was echoed and re-echoed among the spectators for blocks.

No feature of the long parade inspired half the enthusiasm in the ranks of the marching veterans as did the singing of patriotic airs by 3,000 school children, who occupied seats upon the immense stand that faced the marching hosts as they came down Broad street to the public buildings. The children attired in blue formed in huge outline the letters G. A. R. Between these letters those in red cloaks were seated in the form of monster keystones, while a thousand or more who were attired in purest white formed the background, which brought out the letters and the stones in vivid relief.

Before the parade of the old soldiers president McKinley and his staff, together with Admiral Sampson and other officers of the fleet now lying in the Delaware, drove over the greater part of the route. Though the hour was early, there were already many people on the street, and the reception accorded them was of that hearty and enthusiastic character always accorded the president in Philadelphia.

After leaving the reviewing stand the president was entertained at luncheon in the rooms of the department of public works.

The visit to the fleet was decided upon yesterday morning when Admiral Sampson called upon the president at the Hotel Walton. It was the intention to have the chief executive to remain here until Friday to review the naval parade and visit the squadron, but the president's desire to return to Washington last night caused a rearrangement in the program. The visit of the president to the squadron proved to be the greatest marine spectacle ever seen here. It was the intention to have Mr. McKinley visit only the New York, but he grew so enthusiastic over the great fighters that he suddenly made up his mind to inspect all of them. There was a almost continuous roar of guns during the one and three-quarters hours that it took to inspect the vessels. In all 462 guns were fired by the squadron in president's salutes.

The return of the president to the shore was an inspiring one. The Texas was moored furthest up the river, and the presidential party had to pass each of the great vessels on its return to shore. The river was alive with craft crowded to their utmost capacity, and a great noise was being made. As the barge neared the flagship the signal was given to salute, and six big ships again belched forth a terrific salute. Every man and officer on the ships stood at attention, and the bands added to the din by again playing "Hail to the Chief." The barge was stopped while the salute was being fired, and after it had ceased the twelve brawny sailors pulled for the shore, closing one of the most patriotic scenes that has ever taken place on the river. Last night the president attended

the Grand Army campfire at the Academy of Music, and made a feeling speech of greeting to his comrades in the civil war. Later he was the guest of honor at a banquet in Odd Fellows' Temple, tendered by Meade Post, of this city, to the Lafayette Post, of New York, and the Kingsley Post, of Boston. Here, too, he made a brief speech. Secretary Root and Professor Schurman also spoke.

The presidential party retired from the banquet hall and drove directly to the Pennsylvania railroad station, where the party boarded a special train and left for Washington at 11:30 o'clock.

The first event of the week was the parade of naval veterans and the crews of the North Atlantic fleet, which took place on Monday. The three rear admirals, Sampson, Casey and Melville, rode in carriages, and were loudly cheered.

The fight for commander-in-chief is very exciting. Colonel Albert D. Shaw of Watertown, N. Y., seems to lead, with Comrade Leo Rassieur of St. Louis a good second.

The contest among the cities for the holding of next year's encampment has narrowed down to Chicago and Salt Lake City. It is practically conceded that Chicago will be the winner.

ITEMS OF STATE NEWS.

Philadelphia, Sept. 4.—Lieutenant Commander Winslow, of Rear Admiral Sampson's staff, in speaking for the admiral today absolutely denied the report that the admiral is to be relieved of the command of the North Atlantic squadron at his own request. The commander said that Admiral Sampson is enjoying good health, and that he wants to stay with the squadron.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Sept. 5.—David L. Lewis, aged 11 years, was shot and killed at a pigeon shooting match in this city yesterday afternoon. The boy ran towards the trap to capture a wounded pigeon, when he received a load of shot in the body. The shooting was accidental, but two of the shooters, John Bates and John Jones, were taken into custody on the charge of manslaughter.

Allentown, Pa., Sept. 5.—Brainard Ibach was shot and instantly killed yesterday by Mrs. Alice M. Ritter in the woman's room in the shopping part of the city. Mrs. Ritter then killed herself. Ibach was single, 32 years of age. Mrs. Ritter was older, and was the second wife of Charles F. Ritter, from whom she separated because of Ibach's intimacy with her. Ibach and the woman had been meeting for several years. Recently he tired of her and she became jealous. When shot Ibach was lying in bed.

Scranton, Pa., Sept. 5.—The tenth annual convention of the National Letter Carriers' association was opened in this city yesterday afternoon with by far the biggest parade in the association's history and the biggest in Scranton's experience, so far as uniformed men are concerned. Postmaster General Charles Emory Smith and Governor Stone reviewed the parade from a large stand in front of the federal and postoffice building, with a large number of postmasters and T. V. Powderly, commissioner of immigration. A conservative estimate of the total number in line is 5,000.

Pittston, Pa., Sept. 4.—Striking miners at the Stevens colliery, at Exeter, near here, met in battle with coal and iron policemen Saturday, one man being killed, two fatally wounded and a dozen others more or less hurt. The dead man is Leopold Wolkoski, a leader of the strikers, who was shot in the head while leading the mob against a gang of men who were preparing to go to work. It is asserted that the first shots were fired from the ranks of the strikers. This was returned with a volley from the officers, and the strikers fled, leaving their dead and wounded behind. A score of arrests have been made.

Fatality Due to Employer's Negligence. Chicago, Sept. 6.—The Pittsburg Bridge company and Charles M. Peasley, superintendent, were held responsible by a coroner's jury for the death of 11 men who were killed in the collapse of the arches of the Coliseum building, in course of construction, on Aug. 28. The jury's verdict declares that "had the proper precautions been taken the accident would not have happened."

"The Connecticut Valley Patriots." Springfield, Mass., Sept. 6.—The first public demonstration of the anti-imperialists of this city last night was attended by 1,500 people. The supporters of the administration made but little attempt to show their feelings of dissent when the speakers made their strongest statements, and save for a few cries there was nothing to mark the audience as being any other than all on the side of the speakers. The principal speaker was ex-Governor George S. Boutwell. At the close of his address a committee was appointed to organize "The Connecticut Valley Patriots."

LOOKS VERY WARLIKE

The Transvaal Controversy Reaches an Acute Phase.

A SPECIAL CABINET MEETING.

London, Sept. 6.—The premier, the Marquis of Salisbury, came to London today from Woking, to confer with the secretary of state for the colonies, Joseph Chamberlain, and a cabinet council has been summoned for Friday, urgent messages having been sent to all the ministers requesting their attendance.

There is great activity at the admiralty, the war office and the colonial office.

Numerous telegrams from South Africa arrived at the colonial office yesterday, but their contents have not been made public.

General Lord Wolseley, field marshal and commander-in-chief, is in daily communication with the war office, as are also General Sir Evelyn Wood, adjutant general to the forces, and Colonel Hector Archibald MacDonald, aide-de-camp to the queen.

The press association asserts that the officers of the Highland Light infantry at Davenport notified their men last evening to prepare for departure, probably tomorrow.

The Daily Mail expresses the opinion that the "next move will be an ultimatum unless President Kruger yields." It declares that 15,000 men is the outside number that the Transvaal government can put into the field.

The Berlin correspondent of The Daily Mail says: "I learn from Boer sources that reliable news has been received at The Hague from Pretoria to the effect that President Kruger will not give Mr. Chamberlain time to send an ultimatum, but will take advantage of the first suspicious move of the British troops on the border to assume the offensive."

The Times, which comments editorially upon the gravity of the situation that necessitates a cabinet council at such an unusual period, says: "It would be unpardonable folly to shut our eyes to the suspiciously dilatory character of President Kruger's diplomacy and to the energy with which he is simultaneously preparing for war. It is well known that General Sir Henry Buller has been selected to command the British forces, should war unfortunately come, but it is the clear duty of the government to take other steps beside the choice of a commander."

According to a dispatch from Pretoria the volksraad yesterday accepted Mr. Coester's motion to fix the debates to grow out of the interpellation of the government as to the assembling of British troops along the Transvaal borders for tomorrow.

In presenting his motion Mr. Coester referred to the "Jameson raid and other outrages and murders committed by British troops" as leading him to distrust the present concentration. He declared that the convention of 1884 did not contain the suzerainty stipulation, and he maintained that Mr. Chamberlain had broken that convention by interfering in the internal affairs of the republic.

Other burghers supported Mr. Coester, saying that, while negotiations were proceeding, all the British colonies were offering armed assistance. "And must the Transvaal remain silent?" exclaimed a burgher. "It is opposed to Christianity to conduct friendly negotiations and yet mobilize troops. We must know why the British troops are on our borders."

The motion to wait until tomorrow for the government's reply was agreed to unanimously.

The Torrid Wave in the West.

Chicago, Sept. 6.—Yesterday was the hottest in Chicago since the establishment of the weather bureau here in 1871. At 3 p. m. the government thermometer on the top of the Auditorium tower registered 93 degrees, and on the street level over 100 was reported in several places. A hot wind added to the general discomfort. Two deaths and nine cases of prostration were reported. The hottest weather known since the records of the weather bureau began is reported from Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and Nebraska.

Yacht Capsized Five Drowned.

Bath, Me., Sept. 6.—By the capsizing of the yacht *Abadia* in Sheepscot bay five persons were drowned. The victims were Dr. John H. Steadman, William Nason, Harry Higgins and Frank Avery, all of Georgetown, and James A. Martin, of Boston. The yacht was upset in a squall.

Homing Pigeon's Remarkable Flight.

Denver, Sept. 6.—Word has been received here that a homing pigeon belonging to R. E. Blaney, of Grafton, W. Va., released in Denver July 29, reached home on Aug. 20, covering a distance of 1,250 miles air line in 31 days, and breaking the world's records for a long flight.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED.

Thursday, Aug. 31.

Seven persons were killed yesterday while climbing the Alps.

It is now considered certain that President Diaz, of Mexico, will visit Chicago during the corner stone ceremony.

J. A. D. Nelson was nominated by the Democrats for governor. Bryan and the "Gang" platform was heartily endorsed.

C. L. Stoddard, formerly captain in the Seventy-first N. Y. regiment, captured as a private in the Twenty-ninth infantry.

Don Coughlin, who forfeited a \$15,000 bond in Chicago rather than face a jury bringing charge, has been located in the Argentine Republic.

M. Mayer, an assayer of Butte, Mont., J. E. Lloyd and James McDonald arrested charged with stealing \$50,000 in silver bullion from the Bimetallic company.

Friday, Sept. 1.

Frank Ives, the billiard champion, died in Progresso, Mexico, of consumption.

An additional major general and five brigadier generals are to be appointed in the volunteer army.

Samuel Merrill, ex-governor of Ohio, died at Los Angeles, Cal., last night as the result of a paralytic stroke.

General Funston says the only way the Filipino insurgents can be suppressed is by whipping the natives.

The man recently taken into custody in Mount Vernon, Ill., for insanity, is John B. Leoric, an Italian sculptor, who made much of the heroic statuary for the World's fair.

Saturday, Sept. 2.

Two steamers met in collision in the North sea canal, and one foundered, with nine people.

Six hundred lives have been lost by the flooding of a mine at Besshi, Island of Shikoku, Japan.

Exploding boiler at the Republic iron works, Pittsburg, killed five men, and injured seven.

In a bowl factory at Copemish, Mich., the boiler exploded, killing three and injuring four.

Sir Thomas Lipton, challenger for the America's cup, was warmly received at New York. He talks like a true sportsman.

The Kansas regiment lost 3 officers, and 30 men killed and 19 officers and men from disease in the Philippines campaign. One hundred and fifty re-enlisted.

Monday, Sept. 4.

S. H. Ellis, of Waynesville, O., has accepted the Union Reform nomination for governor.

William J. Bryan is to stump Ohio in the interest of McLean's candidacy for governor.

At Black Rock, near Bridgeport, Conn., one man, three little girls and a boy were drowned while bathing.

The University of California, at Berkeley, will erect a monument to the collegians who died in the late war.

The steamer *Darie* sailed from San Francisco with nearly a million Mexican dollars for Chinese business houses.

Gilbert Benning, 20 years old, and Abraham Hill, aged 13, were drowned from a rowboat in the harbor of Buffalo.

A new order forces the New York Elevated railroad guards to remove their whiskers, and officially names them captains.

S. C. King, of Clarion, Ind., was instantly killed at Mannington, W. Va., while boarding a train for the Philadelphia G. A. R. encampment.

Frank P. Blair, of Chicago, counsel for Captain Oberlin M. Carter, declares that the latter is the victim of a conspiracy to degrade him and says that Carter's opposition to the Nicaraguan canal scheme led to the court martial.

Tuesday, Sept. 5.

The cruiser *Olympia*, with Admiral Dewey, arrived at Gibraltar yesterday.

About 4,500 men will sail from San Francisco to Manila between Sept. 12 and 15.

Columbia again defeated Defender off Newport yesterday, and there will be no more trial races.

The schooner *Lisgar*, of Toronto, was wrecked on Lake Huron, and her crew of seven probably lost.

The corn production of the United States this year will reach 2,500,000 bushels, breaking all records.

By the sinking of a sailboat in the harbor of Halifax, N. S., three men and four women were drowned.

Negroes of Brunswick, Ga., flogged a negro woman for living with a Chinaman, and gave other negro women notice to leave their Chinese paramours.

Wednesday, Sept. 6.

The contributions to the Dewey home-fund to date amount to \$23,750.

The number of enlistments Monday was 291, making a total of 2,893 for the last call for volunteers.

Captain Healey, of the American ship *Wakefield*, was murdered by his mate near Port Stanley, Falkland Is.

POSTPONED.

[Anyone at all familiar with farm life knows that when the old dog becomes blind, toothless and helpless, it is the sad but humane duty of the farmer to put an end to his sufferings; it is generally done by taking him off to the woods and shooting him. Although the new dog quickly wins his place in our affections, the old is not soon forgotten, and more than one story begins: "You remember how old Fido..."]

Come along, old chap, yer time's 'bout up, We got another brindle pup: I 'lows it's tough an' mighty hard. But a toothless dog's no good on guard, So trot along right after me. An' I'll put yeh out of yer misery.

Now, quit yer waggin' that stumpy tail— We ain't a-goin' fer rabbit er quail. Yeh couldn't plat a bird no more. Yeh old an' blind an' stiff an' sore. An' that's why I loaded the gun today— Yeh agittin' cross an' in the way.

I been thinkin' it over; 'tain't no fan. I don't like to do it, but it's got to be done; Got sort of a notion, you know, too. The kind of a job yeh're goin' to do. Else why would yeh hang back that-a-way? Yeh ain't cerryin' ez yeh once wuz, hey?

Frisky dog in them days, I bet. When yeh chased the starb' chief by the throat.

Can't do that now, an' there ain't no need. A-keepin' a dog that don't earn his feed. So yeh got to make way for the brindle pup.

Come along, old chap, yer time's 'bout up.

We'll travel along at an easy jog— Course, you don't know, bein' only a dog; But I can mind when you wuz sprier. 'Wakin' us up when the barn caught fire— It don't seem possible, yet I know That wuz close onto fifteen year ago.

My, but yer hair wuz long and thick When yeh pulled little Sally out o' the creek, An' it came in handy that night in the storm. We coddled to keep each other warm. Party good dog, I'll admit—but, say, What's the use o' talkin' yeh had yer day.

I'm hopin' the children won't hear the crack, Er what'd I say when I git back? They'd be askin' questions, I know their talk, An' I'd have to lie 'bout a chicken hawk; But the sound I wuz carryin' beyond this hill: All'd been a hum—don't yeh understand it?

There, that'll do steady, quit it, kid, my hand. What's wrong with this gun, I can't understand.

I'm just ex-lucky ez I can be— Must be the story's the matter with me. An' that stich in the back—what'd gitten' old, too?

The—dinner—tell's—singin'—fer—me—an' you.

—Charles E. Barr, in Philadelphia Press.

drawer without any trouble, but had to light the gas to look in the trunk. Beside, there were two trunks, and there was no way of knowing which. Suddenly it occurred to her the possibility that someone might come in, discover her prowling and mistake her for a thief. There was not a person in the house who knew her. She rang the bell, meaning to explain to the maid. Then the impossibility of being able to explain to a maid who had never seen her suggested itself, and she locked the door. That very act made her feel like a thief, and she crept about stealthily, fearful half lest the maid should not come, half lest she should. She waited breathlessly; no one came. After much searching she found the waist and made up the package in a newspaper. There was not a bit of string anywhere, so she snipped off the curtain cord and tied it up. Now, the question of making an exit was an important one. Surely she could not get away with that big bundle without being seen, but get away she must. It suddenly came to her that she might be mistaken either for a laundress or a sewing woman, and in that hope she opened the door, but in spite of herself she could not keep from feeling guilty and trying to steal out noiselessly. When she got to the door it seemed as if she could not get it open, and when the outer one slammed to noisily behind her she thought surely discovery was at hand, and she could not restrain herself from running down the steps and indeed, to the elevated station at the corner. If a voice had by any chance cried "Stop, thief," she would have collapsed. She even glanced furtively around at the people on the car. What if that harmless-looking little man in the corner should turn out to be a detective? Really she could not compose herself. For one thing her bundle was too big, and for another she feared she would miss her train. When she got off the elevated she looked behind to see if the little man in the corner was following her. She bought a ticket to cross the ferry and asked the time of the next train to Orange.

"Do you want a ticket to Orange?" the man at the window asked.

"No, I have one," she said.

"Then why don't you cross the ferry on it?" he asked. She felt that he suspected her and snatched her bundle and ran.

When at last she was seated on the train, with the big bundle in her lap, feeling fairly comfortable for the first time, her eyes fell to scanning the newspaper that inclosed the precious gown. Suddenly they were caught by the notice of the lecture. Heavens! It was to be at 2.30, and she was then on the 1.20 train. She had never been to Orange before; she knew no one; she had no idea where the literary lady was to be found. If she was not at the station to meet her, all was lost.

She looked out eagerly when the conductor called her station, but the literary lady was not to be seen. She struggled across the platform with her bundle.

"Drive me to—the club," she said desperately to the cabman who came to her assistance.

"What club?" he asked.

"The Ultras," she said.

"Oh, the hall," he answered, and she thought she was saved.

She pictured vaguely the consternation she would create by bursting into the hall in the midst of the lecture possibly, but by this time she was physically exhausted and mentally blank. She paid the cabman intuitively and had started up the stairway before which he had stopped when she thought she heard voices calling and a heavy step running toward her. At last she was pursued. But save the gown she must and would. Springing up the stairway she burst open the door into the hall. The platform was empty, but there was a noisy hum of expectancy running through the crowd. At first she heard nothing distinctly. Then a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder, and a voice behind her said:

"Give me your bundle, miss."

She looked up at the blue coated policeman, who had come up behind, and fell in a faint at his feet. When she revived she was lying on a rug in a little white plastered room. The window was open, the cold snow-laden air from without was blowing on her, and a sweet-faced, gentle woman was bending over her, holding a bottle of smelling salts to her nose.

"Are you the matron?" she asked, feebly.

"The what?" asked the woman.

"The matron?"

"No."

She waited a moment. "Then were you put in, too?" she said.

"In what?" the woman asked.

"In prison," she said, shuddering.

"Why, this isn't a prison, child," the woman said with a smile. "Why did you think you were in prison, pray?"

"For stealing that gown," said the girl.

"Why, you didn't steal the gown, did you?" And the woman burst out laughing.

"No, but I thought they thought I had, and the policeman arrested me."

"How very funny," the woman said, still laughing. "Why, he was only getting the gown to take to the liter-

ary lady, who was waiting at the mia liner's across the way to put it on. She saw you come and got him to run after you. But how very funny."

"But where's the gown now?" the girl asked.

"Why, the lady has it on and is speaking away; don't you hear her?"

"Then for heaven's sake let me get out and report her," said the girl, struggling to her feet.

"Not before you've had this cup of chocolate and a sandwich," the woman said, putting them before her.

"I am hungry," she said.

"Of course you are; that's why you fainted."

When she went out by and by and saw the literary lady in all her glory "arrayed like one of these," she felt repaid for her excitement over the gown.

That night when she got back to town she took in her "stick" to the office, and credit for that amount was duly given her on the books. But somehow one of the men in the office had gotten hold of the adventure, so he made a full column story about it, with a picture of her with her big bundle just as she fell at the policeman's feet. So, to put it mildly, her fortune was made. —Philadelphia Times.

HE LOST HIS PENCILS.

But the Reporter Wrote His Story with an Electric Light Bulb.

"Did I ever tell you about the time that I wrote a story with an electric light bulb?" said the police reporter to a few of his professional friends.

"No? Well, it's a fact, just the same, and all I had to write with was one of these glass globes."

The hearers moved uneasily and one was heard to say something about taking another draw. The police reporter was undaunted, however, and went on:

"This is no pipe dream. I was working on the Brooklyn Eagle and had been sent down to a small interior town on one of the 'hottest' stories you ever heard about—double murder with a good mystery end—dead people both prominent, and suspected murderer a prominent citizen."

"I pulled into the station at exactly 11 o'clock and of course went into the station, the only telegraph office in the town, to tell the operator that I'd have some 'stuff' to file not later than 1 o'clock in the morning. He was an agreeable fellow, and he said he would go home and get two hours' sleep and be back in time to handle my story. I jumped in the town and in an hour was back to the telegraph office, which the operator had left open for me."

"I peeled off my coat and vest and sat down to write the crime story of my life. My hand sought my upper vest pocket, where I carried my pencils, and, jumping Jupiter! I had lost every one of them. I remembered that I had them a little while before when taking some notes, but they were gone now."

"I then began to gaze around the office. The operator had plenty of ink, but nary a pen or pencil could I find. I was in a beautiful hole. Within an hour of filing time and not a thing to write with. I just thought and thought, and in doing so happened to look again at the operator's desk. There lay a pad of thin paper and between the first and second sheets was a piece of carbon paper. The way out of my difficulty came to me like a flash."

"In the little office were three incandescent lamps. I turned the key and put out one, unscrewed it, and in another moment had the pad of paper with its carbon sheet in front of me. At the big end of the bulb was a protruding point of glass. I took the globe in my hand, holding it like a stylus, and marked on the top sheet: 'The Eagle, Brooklyn, N. Y.' Imagine my joy when I lifted the upper carbon paper to find that it had taken the impression perfectly. Then I went to work and at 1 o'clock when the operator arrived, had a starter for him of a thousand words."

"Did you finish the story that way?" was asked.

"Yes. The operator offered me writing material, but the novelty of the thing had taken hold of me. So I ran the other 1500 words out in the same way."

"Then," drawled the court recorder, "you waked up." —Atlanta Constitution.

Left His Daughter in the Well.

George Smith of Blaine, Me., while drawing water for his cows, lost a tin pail in the well. He had let his eldest daughter, a girl of 17, into the well by a line to recover the pail, when he saw that his cattle had entered a field of potatoes that had been newly poisoned. In his desire to save his cows from death he forgot all about his daughter. When he came back half an hour later she had wept herself into convulsions and was making a desperate effort to cling to the stones in the well to escape drowning. Smith has promised her an \$85 organ if she will stop talking about the event.—New York Sun.

Tennessee Nerve and Skill.

A Giles county citizen is reported to have carried a bushel of eggs in a meal sack on horseback to Aspen Hill without breaking an egg.—Nashville (Tenn.) Banner.

A DANGEROUS CHANCE.

Let girls propose," says Dr. Law. To which let all men answer "Pshaw!" Unless they wish to be more rough, And cry out "Nonsense!" "Tut!" or "Stuff!"

Let girls propose! Why, goodness! let us just suppose How things would be if they were thus— 'Twould truly be a dreadful muss.

Think you of Miss Matilda Jane, Who's really just too very plain For any mortal use.

Would she enjoy this new-born ruse? She goes to dances everywhere, And has a pleasant time while there; And fellows dance with Matilda Jane Despite she is so very plain.

Because they know, while on the floor, 'Tis just a dance, and nothing more. But if the maiden could propose,

Why, goodness knows, As she came in the salon door, With maddened rush and frightened roar, The lads would stampede from her sight And hide their trembling in the night.

On 't'other hand, suppose a girl With dimpled cheek and fluffy curl, With sweet blue eye and creamy chin, But keener like an imp of sin— Suppose she got that eye at work, And cherry lip began to perk,

And fluffy curl began to graze, In manner any saint to craze. The cheek of little Willie boy, To fill him with an instant joy? Do you suppose that young man could say: "No, my girl, I've understood Your temper is not very good."

I like your chin, I like your curl— But you are such a scrappy girl— I love your eyes, and so your cheek— But no; you're much too far from meek!"

I rather guess He'd answer yes, And then, when they were man and wife, Can't you imagine Willie's life?

Another case: Didst ever see A maid just turning forty-three— Some older than she used to be— With some poor boy just past eighteen, She in the yellow, he the green— Indeed, so green he does not see

The maid's a most autumnal sea? What chance would such a lad as this Have under this new scheme of bliss? Today he speaks not to his fair Because the poor chap doesn't dare: But let her pop the question—Gee! What would the old maid's harvest be?

Let girls propose? Ah, Dr. Law, Excuse me if I answer, "Pshaw!" And add to this both "Humph!" and "Stuff!" The good old way is good enough. —Harper's Bazar.

HUMOROUS.

"No," said Fido through the fence to the tramp dog, I don't mind being washed. It is such fun to roll in the dirt afterward."

Biggs—Dobbs has a big opinion of himself, hasn't he? Boggs—I should say so. Why, he thinks he knows more than his office boy.

He—My dear, the bank in which my money is deposited has failed. She—What a mercy you've got your check book at home, love!

"Friend," said the mendicant, "I have seen better days." "Great Scott! So have we all of us!" cried the approached. "This weather is very unusual."

The season's uncertainties make a man blue, And solace in vain must he seek. Since he who takes cold in a minute or two Must then take advice for a week.

"I propose—" began the deliberate old lawyer, who had called around to see a young widow on business, when the vivacious client exclaimed: "I accept!" They are now partners.

Little Johnny—Mama, let's play I am your mother and you are my little boy. Mama—Very well, dear; how shall we play it? Little Johnny—I'll tell you; you start to do something and I'll tell you not to.

"What do they mean by 'tacking'?" asked a young woman, on her first sail, of a young woman who was on her second. "Why," said the wise one, in a careful whisper, "tacking is just—just sailing on the bias, Helen."

Across the board she looks at me— My soul responds obediently; She is my wife, and with her eye She tells me there is no more pie.

"I tell you what it is," said the silly little fish to his long-headed mother, I have been following your advice and letting those nice, plump, juicy worms alone long enough. I am now going on my own hook."

And he did.

There was a disagreement, and the mother undertook to straighten things out. "Why can't you play nicely?" she asked. "Cause he wants to boss things," answered the younger. "He wants me to play I'm president of the United States." "Well, why don't you?" "Cause it's my turn to be Dewey."

The Onward March of Discovery.

An intelligent farmer has discovered that by planting onions and potatoes in the same field in alternate rows the onions become so strong that they bring tears to the eyes of the potatoes in such volume that the roots are kept moist and a big crop is raised in spite of the drought.—Mingo (W. Va.) Circulator.

Disastrous Results of a Shout.

The Rocky Mountain News prints the story of a man who says that the word of farewell which he shouted in a mountain canyon some twenty years ago started the avalanche which immediately followed, causing the death of two persons and the severe injury of another.

A Very Funny Sight.

"I love to make visits in the morning."

"Do you?"

"Yes; all the other women are busy cleaning house, and it is so funny to see them try to act glad to see me." —Detroit Free Press.

HER FIRST ASSIGNMENT.

Tragic-Comic Experience of a Woman Reporter.

She had just come—"out of the back woods"—they told her when she mentioned the place. Of course she did not call it "the back woods." She spoke of it reverently by the reader name of "home," and usually there were tears in her eyes when she mentioned it. But no matter; it was not New York, therefore it was "the back woods," they told her when she asked for work.

"What can you do?" asked the first editor, and he did not take the trouble to look up or to stop the pencil that was scrawling over the paper in front of him.

"Anything you would give a woman to do," she answered.

"Nothing," he said.

"Good morning," she said.

"Good morning," he said, surprised into looking up by her prompt departure, but she was gone.

"Bring any stuff?" asked the next one. He was too busy to waste words.

She handed him the little flat manuscript silently.

He fingered it a second. "I don't want it," he said.

"Thank you. Good afternoon," she said.

"G'd afternoon," he said.

For the next she had to mount to the eleventh story, and she looked dubiously at the sign in the little ante room: "We do not undertake to preserve or return unsolicited manuscript."

But when the editor came out he looked at her really as if he saw her.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but just now there isn't a thing in sight. Let me have your address, and if I hear of anything I'll be glad to give it to you."

Of course she knew what that meant, but still she was grateful for the courtesy. In her part of "the back woods" people had time to be courteous, and this man left a pleasant memory that made her almost hopeful of the next.

"What you want to do," the next one said, and he was very nice about it, "is to get a place on a magazine; I wouldn't advise you to go in for newspaper work. What you want is a magazine."

"What I want, yes," she said, smiling, "but probably not what I can get."

He smiled, too, very pleasantly, but still he did not quite like her correcting his grammar. The next chanced to be rosy and round and bald. He was reading a note when she went in, and he held it in his hand while she talked. Presently it reminded him of something.

"Why, the very thing," he said, briskly. "Here's a note from my wife. Just reading it when you came in. Quite a coincidence, surely. You see, my wife has a friend who's a—er—literary lady, gives talks, lectures, or some such things. Now, this—er—literary lady is going over into Jersey, or Orange, in fact, to give a talk before a club there, the Ultra Matrons, you know, and my wife wants me to send somebody over to report it. But, of course, I couldn't do that, you know." He looked up over his glasses as if he needed confirmation, doubtless because he was defying his wife's instructions, so she mildly said:

"No."

"Of course not," he went on, having taken heart of grace from her approval. "Of course I can't send anybody out of the office for that, but my wife says—" he hesitated a moment, then broke off with: "Now, how would you like to run over and do this lecture for us? Not much in it for you, of course; we couldn't use more than a stick at the outside; but better start at that than at nothing. It's the opening wedge you want, you know. What do you say? Let's see; round trip ticket to Orange would cost you 50 cents; both ways on the elevated, ten; that's 60. Not much in it for you. What say? Will you do it, or not?"

"I'll do it, thank you," she said.

"That's good," he said, folding up the note in a relieved sort of way. "Thank you. I'll tell my wife."

"See here," he said, as she was leaving, "better take this card and call for the literary lady in the morning and go down with her. She'll put you through."

She thought he looked like a cherub; she lived to learn he was a prophet. She took the card, had herself awakened early the next morning and called for the literary lady at the hour appointed. She wasn't up; call again, the boy brought back the message. She called again. Literary lady had decided not to go so early; call again. She called again. Literary lady was dressing; would be down. She waited. Literary lady came by and by in a great rash.

"So glad you are going with me," she said, and then raced her to the elevated station till both were fairly out of breath. They regained it, however, on the way down to Christopher street and started on a fresh race to the ferry. The gate was closed, so the literary lady walked up and down impatiently and finally bought a paper at the newsstand just as the gate opened. When they had found seats on the boat she unfolded the paper and turned to the woman's page. The first thing that caught her eye was her own name.

"I see I'm to lecture before the Ultras," she said, smiling. "Good gracious!" she broke off suddenly.

"What is it?"

"Why, gracious me," said the literary lady, "the notice says there will be a reception after the lecture, and look at this gown! That's what they meant when they kept telling me to dress up! A reception in this thing!"

It was only a plain tailor gown.

"Gracious! I wonder if they told me and I forgot?"

The young woman felt quite sure she had forgot, but she didn't dare say so.

"What would you do?" asked the literary lady.

"What can you do?" asked the girl.

"Nothing," said the literary lady.

"Then I'd try not to care," said the girl, philosophically.

The literary lady evidently tried not to care, but she failed, and her face bore a careworn look. When they were seated on the train the girl thought she had forgotten, but she had not.

"I'll tell you," said the literary lady, grabbing her arm, "I am sorry to trouble you, but I'll have to get you to go back for my gown. I simply can't attend an Ultra reception in this. I know I forgot. But you must go back and take a later train over, the next if you can. My satin skirt is in the bottom bureau drawer; the waist is in my trunk; it isn't locked. Hurry, you must get it for me."

The train was beginning to move, but she followed the girl to the rear platform and called to her as she jumped off:

"My room is second to the left on the third floor."

The girl was almost convulsed with laughter at the humor of the situation. She caught the ferryboat back, but had to wait at Fifty-ninth street for a Sixth avenue elevated. When she got to the house she pushed the bell frantically, but got no response. Once, twice, thrice again, but still no answer. Moments were precious. Finally some ladies opened the door and went out. The girl seized the opportunity and went in. There was no one in sight. She went upstairs and to the second room on the left, third floor. She knocked dubiously, not knowing whom or what she should find. No response. She opened the door and entered. Books and papers everywhere; evidently this was the literary lady's room.

She found the satin skirt in the

drawer without any trouble, but had to light the gas to look in the trunk. Beside, there were two trunks, and there was no way of knowing which. Suddenly it occurred to her the possibility that someone might come in, discover her prowling and mistake her for a thief. There was not a person in the house who knew her. She rang the bell, meaning to explain to the maid. Then the impossibility of being able to explain to a maid who had never seen her suggested itself, and she locked the door. That very act made her feel like a thief, and she crept about stealthily, fearful half lest the maid should not come, half lest she should. She waited breathlessly; no one came. After much searching she found the waist and made up the package in a newspaper. There was not a bit of string anywhere, so she snipped off the curtain cord and tied it up. Now, the question of making an exit was an important one. Surely she could not get away with that big bundle without being seen, but get away she must. It suddenly came to her that she might be mistaken either for a laundress or a sewing woman, and in that hope she opened the door, but in spite of herself she could not keep from feeling guilty and trying to steal out noiselessly. When she got to the door it seemed as if she could not get it open, and when the outer one slammed to noisily behind her she thought surely discovery was at hand, and she could not restrain herself from running down the steps and indeed, to the elevated station at the corner. If a voice had by any chance cried "Stop, thief," she would have collapsed. She even glanced furtively around at the people on the car. What if that harmless-looking little man in the corner should turn out to be a detective? Really she could not compose herself. For one thing her bundle was too big, and for another she feared she would miss her train. When she got off the elevated she looked behind to see if the little man in the corner was following her. She bought a ticket to cross the ferry and asked the time of the next train to Orange.

"Do you want a ticket to Orange?" the man at the window asked.

"No, I have one," she said.

"Then why don't you cross the ferry on it?" he asked. She felt that he suspected her and snatched her bundle and ran.

When at last she was seated on the train, with the big bundle in her lap, feeling fairly comfortable for the first time, her eyes fell to scanning the newspaper that inclosed the precious gown. Suddenly they were caught by the notice of the lecture. Heavens! It was to be at 2.30, and she was then on the 1.20 train. She had never been to Orange before; she knew no one; she had no idea where the literary lady was to be found. If she was not at the station to meet her, all was lost.

She looked out eagerly when the conductor called her station, but the literary lady was not to be seen. She struggled across the platform with her bundle.

"Drive me to—the club," she said desperately to the cabman who came to her assistance.

"What club?" he asked.

"The Ultras," she said.

"Oh, the hall," he answered, and she thought she was saved.

She pictured vaguely the consternation she would create by bursting into the hall in the midst of the lecture possibly, but by this time she was physically exhausted and mentally blank. She paid the cabman intuitively and had started up the stairway before which he had stopped when she thought she heard voices calling and a heavy step running toward her. At last she was pursued. But save the gown she must and would. Springing up the stairway she burst open the door into the hall. The platform was empty, but there was a noisy hum of expectancy running through the crowd. At first she heard nothing distinctly. Then a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder, and a voice behind her said:

"Give me your bundle, miss."

She looked up at the blue coated policeman, who had come up behind, and fell in a faint at his feet. When she revived she was lying on a rug in a little white plastered room. The window was open, the cold snow-laden air from without was blowing on her, and a sweet-faced, gentle woman was bending over her, holding a bottle of smelling salts to her nose.

"Are you the matron?" she asked, feebly.

"The what?" asked the woman.

"The matron?"

by Deeds We Do."

Deeds, not words, count in battles of peace as well as in war. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. It has won many remarkable victories over the arch enemy of mankind—impure blood. Be sure to get only Hood's, because



In Madagascar silk is the only fabric used in the manufacture of clothing. It is cheaper than linen in Ireland.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Kamohaka may soon become as popular a resort as the Klondike, as gold has been discovered there in promising quantities.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure of constipation, 10c or 25c. H. C. C. Co., Baltimore, Md.

BOGUS ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT.

The Alleged Treasures Were "Faked" in Central Asia.

Orientalists will do well to be on their guard in connection with Central Asian manuscripts, which have of late provided them with such an endless subject of discussion, says the Scotsman. It was Capt. Bower who first discovered the existence of some extremely ancient manuscripts during his great journey across central Asia, and Dr. Sven Hedin brought back a rich collection for the edification and mystification of orientalists. Since then the supply of ancient manuscripts has been very great, but it is stated that the gravest suspicion is now cast upon the authenticity of a very large proportion of these so-called relics of antiquity.

An English officer who is now engaged in some exploring work in Central Asia has discovered that there exists in Khotan a regular manufactory of the manuscript relics, and so large is the output that he believes that at least 95 per cent of the manuscripts which have reached Europe from central Asia during recent years are spurious. The process of manufacture has been explained to him, and so impressed is he with the difficulty of distinguishing between the genuine and the counterfeit that he has himself adopted a rule of never under any circumstances buying any ancient book offered to him for sale. Meanwhile there is much searching of hearts among the owners of the manuscripts which have already found their way into European collections.

A Picked Nine.

There was a game of baseball the other day at one of the local ball parks between a local team and a picked nine. A clerk in one of the dry goods stores got the afternoon off and took his girl, who was not a connoisseur of a ball game. In the second inning the ball came skipping into the grandstand and the umpire called "foul." "Say," said the wise girl, "why did he call that ball foul? I didn't see any feathers on it." "Didn't I tell you that it was a picked nine?" he replied.

Getting Him to Work.

"I notice that your boy mows the lawn every three or four days. How do you get him to do it?" "Sh-sh! Don't let him hear. His papa threatened, when he bought the mower, to punish him severely if he ever dared to take it out of the basement."—Chicago Times-Herald.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 93,234]

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For some time I have thought of writing to you to let you know of the great benefit I

have received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Soon after the birth of my first child, I commenced to have spells with my spine. Every month I grew worse and at last became so bad that I found I was gradually losing my mind.

"The doctors treated me for female troubles, but I got no better. One doctor told me that I would be insane. I was advised by a friend to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and before I had taken all of the first bottle my neighbors noticed the change in me.

"I have now taken five bottles and cannot find words sufficient to praise it. I advise every woman who is suffering from any female weakness to give it a fair trial. I thank you for your good medicine."—MRS. GERTUDE M. JOHNSON, JONESBORO, TEXAS.

Mrs. Perkins' Letter.

"I had female trouble of all kinds, had three doctors, but only grew worse. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and used the Sanative Wash, and cannot praise your remedies enough."—MRS. EFFIE PERKINS, PEARL, LA.

A Clothes Pin Sack.

A recent device for a clothes pin sack and carrier will obviate the old-time necessity for the maid in the garden "hanging up her clothes," to carry a supply of pins protruding from her mouth. The invention consists of a bag to hold the pins, the mouth being held normally open by a wire ring which forms part of the carrier, also of wire, which holds the bag on the rope. The bag and its contents are pushed ahead as the maid progresses along the line.

Washing Windows.

Choose a dull day, or at least a day when the sun is not shining on the windows to be washed. Dust the windows at first thoroughly inside and outside with a window brush—a paint brush will do the work as well, but it will take more time. Wash the windows with soft, clear, warm water, using a soft flannel or cotton cloth, not a linen one, unless you wish to have the extra trouble of wiping off the lint from it. Wipe the glass with a soft cotton towel. A piece of Turkish toweling is excellent for the purpose. Polish the windows with a large piece of clean white cloth or newspaper which has been softened by crumpling it with the hands.

In Case of Fire.

The proverbial ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure in case of fire. And it is well to cultivate presence of mind in ourselves and our children; it is better still to take care for one thing, that the clothing is made of slow-burning fabrics.

For example, flannelette, which is used so extensively for night garments, is one of the most easily inflammable of materials, but it, as well as muslins, cotton goods and tarlans, if treated with tungstate of soda, cannot be made to burn with a blaze. If all garments, especially those worn by the children, could be treated in this way we should not hear of so many deaths from the ignition of clothing.

When a fire occurs, by splashing and spraying burning articles with a solution of salt and nitrate of ammonia an incombustible coating is at once formed and the fire is at once quenched.

This is a preparation which should be kept on hand and is easily home-made at trifling cost. Dissolve twenty pounds of common salt and ten pounds of nitrate of ammonia in seven gallons of water. Pour this into quart bottles of thin glass and you have fire grenades at hand in case of need. The bottles should be tightly corked and sealed to prevent evaporation, and when there is a fire they must be thrown in or near the flames, so as to break and thus liberate the gas contained, to effect the desired result. At least two dozen of these bottles should be ready in case of need.

Recipes.

Minced Lamb and Cucumbers—Cut up a large cucumber, remove the seeds, cut into dice and stew until tender in a brown sauce; now add the minced lamb, let cook until thoroughly heated, and serve with sippets of fried bread.

Tomato Souffle—Stew a sufficient quantity of tomatoes to make two cupfuls of pulp when strained, and rubbed through a sieve; add the beaten yolks of six eggs and season with pepper and salt, then beat in the well beaten whites of the eggs. Put in a buttered baking dish and bake twelve minutes in a hot oven. Serve hot.

Cherry Cup Dumplings—For the batter, take one tablespoonful of butter, three cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and milk enough to make as stiff as cake batter. Put a layer of cherries in the cups, add batter but do not fill the cups more than two-thirds full. Steam for three-quarters of an hour and serve with a sauce.

Fricassee of Beef—Cold roast beef sliced is fine for luncheon, but where the family is small a roast will be sufficient for several meals and is monotonous if served cold too often. A fricassee will do nicely to utilize the end of a roast. Cut the meat in thin slices and heat quickly in hot butter or clarified dripping, in a spider. Season with salt, pepper, parsley and lemon juice and serve with Saratoga chips.

Bread Meringue—One pint of fine bread crumbs, one quart of sweet milk, one cupful of brown sugar, the beaten yolks of four eggs, the grated rind of one lemon and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake until stiff, then take from the oven, cover with a meringue made of the beaten whites of the eggs, one teaspoonful of powdered sugar and the juice of the lemon. Return to the oven and brown slightly.

Velvet Shortcake—Add one teaspoonful of salt to one quart of flour. Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in one tablespoonful of boiling water. Add this to two and one-quarter cups of sour cream. Then add this to the flour. Toss onto a floured board, roll lightly to one-half inch thick and the size of a breakfast plate. Place these on a hot griddle. Brown on one side. Turn them and brown on the other. Split and butter. Serve hot.

Now on Their Summer Trip in Foreign Waters.

One of the most pleasant things about being an Annapolis cadet is the chance they have of going on summer cruises. The second class men are now aboard an old-fashioned sailing vessel, such as was used by our navy before we had steam warships. These young men are required to do the work of common sailors; in fact, they do everything there is to be done on the boat. They started in June, and will return in September. They stop for a week or so at Plymouth, England, and arrangements have been made for them to spend a few days in London. Then they sail for Lisbon, Portugal, and the boys are wondering how Spain's neighbors will receive them. After that they go to Gibraltar, and then home again. Of course there is a good deal of fun to be got out of the trip, and a great deal to see; but it is a part of their four years' course at the naval academy, and they have to work hard scrubbing decks and taking in sails, and the slightest disobedience is punished. Before they left this country they stopped off Hampton Roads for a few days and went through a lot of drilling, including the "deserting of the ship." In this drill the crew puts provisions in the small boats, launch them and row away toward land, just as they would have to do if the ship took fire or were in a sinking condition.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Tired, Aching, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmstead, Lefroy, N. Y.

The telegraph will be extended 1,000 miles south of Khartoum by the end of the year.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

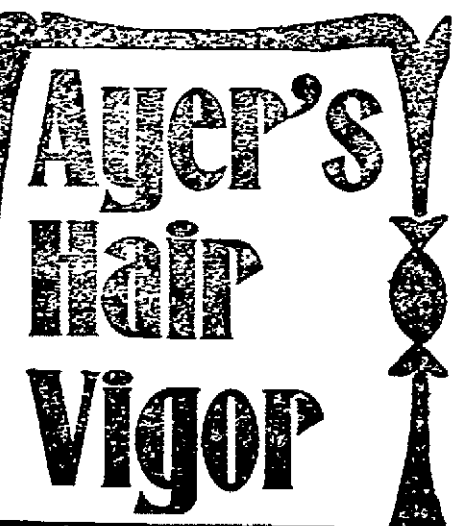
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

The toll of an ordinary ship passing through the Suez Canal averages about \$1,000. The distance is ninety-two miles.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, \$1. All druggists.

In an exciting battle with a lot of copperhead snakes, on Richard Edwards' farm, near Shamokin, Pa., Hugh Jenkins killed seven of them.



What does it do?

It causes the oil glands in the skin to become more active, making the hair soft and glossy, precisely as nature intended.

It cleanses the scalp from dandruff and thus removes one of the great causes of baldness.

It makes a better circulation in the scalp and stops the hair from coming out.

It Prevents and It Cures Baldness

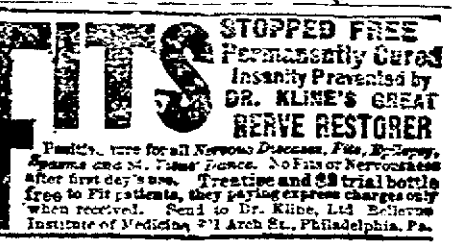
Ayer's Hair Vigor will surely make hair grow on bald heads, provided only there is any life remaining in the hair bulbs.

It restores color to gray or white hair. It does not do this in a moment, as will a hair dye; but in a short time the gray color of age gradually disappears and the darker color of youth takes its place.

Would you like a copy of our book on the Hair and Scalp? It is free.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor write the Doctor about it.

Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.



A tasteful appearance in dress often comes as much from good laundering as from the quality of the clothing. Good laundering requires good soap and Ivory Soap is the best.

The fading of delicate shades is frequently the ruination of an expensive garment. Any color that will stand the free application of water can be washed with Ivory Soap.

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ABOUT BERNHARDT.

Mme. Bernhardt gives the following account of her admission into the Conservatoire: "Auber was present, and asked me: 'Your name is Sarah?' 'Yes, sir.' 'You are a Jewess?' 'By birth, sir, but I have been baptized.' 'Sarah then recited two verses of 'Les Deux Pigeons,' and was interrupted. 'That will do; you are admitted.' Then came the business of selecting the right class. Beauvallet declared for tragedy, Regnier for comedy, Provost for both, and Sarah selected both, and thus devoted herself simultaneously to the culture of the two muses, Meipomene and Thalia.

It seems that at first the future queen of the stage did not care for it in the least. Above all she hated her daily journeys to and fro in the omnibus, "and to this day I detest promiscuous assemblies and miscellaneous crowds." Mme. Bernhardt next assures us that she was never able to win a first prize at the Conservatoire, only a second, and that but once, and for tragedy. After a year's study at the Conservatoire, Mme. Bernhardt passed into the company of the Theater Francaise, and made her debut in Racine's "Iphigenie." She writes: "My arms were so long and so thin that when in the scene of the sacrifice I uplifted them before the altar the house burst into a roar of laughter and I was mortified to tears. I next played Valerie in Scribe's play of that name, with Coquelin as Ambroise, and I was successful. But even then I could not overcome my innate dislike for the stage. I never put foot inside the theater except for rehearsals and performances."

In 1879, as all the world will remember, Sarah Bernhardt went to London for the first time, appearing in "Phedre." She at once established her position in that country and was not only a success on the stage, but the "lioness" in chief of the London season, every fashionable hostess seeking the privilege of her acquaintance, and no party was considered complete without her presence.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Licenses for Horseshoers.

An enactment in Washington requires horseshoers to pass an examination and to be licensed.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAS & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Mrs. Wipac's Soothing Syrup for children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Constipation.—LOUISA LINDAMAN, LeRoy, Mo., January 8, 1894.

Lazy Liver

"I have been troubled a great deal with a torpid liver, which produces constipation. I found CASCARETS to be all you claim for them, and secured such relief the first trial, that I purchased another supply and was completely cured. I shall only be too glad to recommend Cascarets whenever the opportunity is presented."



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. ... CURE CONSTIPATION. ... Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 320

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

The University of Notre Dame

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA. Classics, Letters, Economics and History, Journalism, Art, Science, Pharmacy, Law, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Architecture. Through Preparatory and Commercial Courses. Local students at special rates. Rooms Free. Junior or Senior Year, College Courses. Rooms to Rent, moderate charge. St. Edward's Hall for boys under 15. The 56th year will open September 5th, 1899. Catalogues Free. Address: REV. A. MORRISSEY, C. S. C., President.

"BIG FOUR" "THE SEA LEVEL ROUTE" TO NEW YORK.

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE. WAGNER SLEEPING CARS. DINING CARS.

M. E. INGALLS, President. WARREN J. LYNCH, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.

GOLDEN CROWN LAMP CHIMNEYS

Are the best. Ask for them. Cost no more than common chimneys. All dealers. PITTSBURGH GLASS CO., Allegheny, Pa.



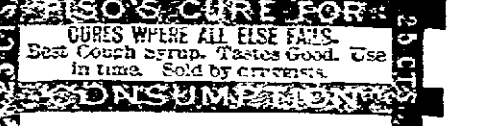
Dr. Ricord's Essence of Life since 1853 has been the standard, never-failing remedy for all cases of nervous, mental, physical debility, loss of vitality and premature decay in both sexes positive, permanent cure. Full treatment \$5, or \$1 a bottle; stamp for circular. J. JACQUES, Agent, 176 Broadway, N. Y.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims.

Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 25 years Civil War, 15 adjudicating claims, 25 years since.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Box of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. E. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box D, Atlanta, Ga.

RHEUMATISM CURED—Sample bottle, 4 days' treatment, postpaid, 10 cents. ALEXANDER REMEDY CO., 246 Greenwich St., N. Y.



You Will Realize that "They Live Well Who Live Cleanly," if You Use

SAPOLIO

Court Items.

In the Com. vs John T. Weikert, Hannah Miller prosecutrix, defendant was found guilty on the charge of assault and battery and indecent assault. Motion for a new trial made.

In Com. vs Samuel J. Baker, Margaret Bigham prosecutrix, the defendant was found guilty and indicted on the charges of forgery and obtaining money under false pretenses. Motion made for a new trial.

In Com. vs Kate Cook not a true bill, county to pay costs.

In Com. vs John Brauner not a true bill, prosecutrix, Mary B. Brauner, to pay costs.

In Com. vs Asa Cullison not a true bill, county to pay costs.

In Com. vs P. A. Sowers not a true bill, county to pay costs.

In Com. vs Mark Jordan the defendant was found not guilty, costs to be divided between the defendant and prosecutor, J. A. Sowers.

In Com. vs Elizabeth Gotwald, surety of the peace, Sarah A. Keller prosecutrix, defendant plead guilty and was sentenced to pay the costs and enter into a recognizance to keep the peace.

In Com. vs W. D. Eldred, assault and battery, John A. Albert prosecutor, not a true bill was found, prosecutor to pay the costs.

In Com. vs Ida Eldred not a true bill was found.

In Com. vs James W. Gilbert, breaking prison and escape, defendant plead guilty.

In Com. vs George Aughenbaugh, larceny, receiving stolen goods and breaking prison and escape, defendant plead guilty.

The prisoners were sentenced as follows:

George Aughenbaugh to four months in jail, Court reserving the authority to discharge prisoner upon his securing employment.

James W. Gilbert to 10 days in jail.

Keziah Cuff and Elizabeth Cuff to pay costs of prosecution.

Report of viewers on road in Freedom township, from a point in road leading from the Emmitsburg road to the Bullfrog road confirmed nisi to the width of 28 feet.

Jacob B. Routsong, Ezra Carson and D. P. Delap, all of Bendersville, were appointed re-viewers of road in Straban township, beginning at a point on the line of lands of Benjamin Eicholts and Uriah Wagner.

John R. Bittinger, guardian of Irvin Harman, discharged.

Sanford Metz, administrator of the estate of Eliza Metz, dec'd, discharged.

William N. Black, administrator of estate of Jane F. Wright, dec'd, discharged.

S. S. Neely, Esq., guardian of Irvin Harman, granted permission to pay ward \$170 for maintenance.

IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

Supena in divorce awarded in the proceedings of John F. Starner vs. Elizabeth Starner.

Application of St. Paul's Lutheran church, of McSherrytown, for charter, approved.

Petition of Directors of the Poor for authority to sell real estate in Berwick borough, known as the Haudeshell property, to William J. Ollinger, for \$255, granted.

J. Edw. Schriver, assignee of John K. McIlheny, discharged.

Property Sales.

Charles Eaholtz has bought the ex-Sheriff Eaholtz home farm in Mcallen township for \$3,450.

Mizell and Krug have purchased the George Weaver farm in Straban township, 156 acres, at \$16 per acre. They have also purchased a 6 acre tract of timberland in same township, from D. Schriver, admr. of estate of G. C. Lower, dec'd, at \$33.75 an acre.

A farm of 152 acres belonging to the estate of Samuel Wagner, dec'd, in Straban township, was sold on Saturday to John Krug for \$2,007, and a farm of 109 acres in same township, to the widow, Elizabeth Wagner, at \$24.10 per acre.

Emma Palmer, admrx. of the estate of C. E. Palmer, dec'd, sold the farm in Mountjoy township, 56 acres, to Louisa Palmer for \$2,821.31.

The heirs of Baltzer Snyder have sold the property in Mountjoy township to Joshua L. Hahn for \$1,800.

Mrs. Sarah A. McSherry, of Germany township, bought of the executors of the late Hon. Wm. McSherry, a farm in Mt. Joy and Germany townships, for \$3,000.

There's always hope while there's One Minute Cough Cure. "An attack of pneumonia left my lungs in bad shape and I was near the first stage of consumption. One Minute Cough Cure completely cured me," writes Helen McHenry, Bismark, N. D. Gives instant relief. R. Wehler.

The man who doesn't kick when he finds that a trust has put up the price upon something consumed in large quantities by himself or his family is ready to be fitted with wings and become an angel.

John Kreidler, a well known cigar manufacturer, fisherman and politician, of Wrightsville, York county, shot himself in the head near the right ear about 8 o'clock Wednesday evening and died almost instantly.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers permanently cure chronic constipation, biliousness, nervousness and worn-out feeling; cleanse and regulate the entire system. Small, pleasant, never gripe or sicken— "DeWitt's little pills." Randolph Wehler.

Successful men are all about you.

Open wide your eyes,

You should go and do as they do—

That is, advertise.

Advertising is the silent Salesman that does not sell the goods, but prepares the buyer for the buying, that assist him by telling him what he needs, and directs him by telling him where he can buy it.

Gypsy fortune tellers are reaping harvests of shekels in the southern Pennsylvania towns, where superstitious beliefs are strong. During the past few weeks lower York county has been overrun with the itinerant wanderers, and there are few families that do not pay the fees, varying from twenty-five to fifty cents for each person, to learn of their future.

A true bill was found against Jacob Parr, of Hanover, charged with having murdered his wife several months ago. Parr was brought into court at York on Wednesday and plead not guilty. Parr having no attorney, the Court appointed C. H. Shambach, Esq., as counsel, who has taken Allen C. Wiest, Esq., as a colleague. Upon motion of counsel for Parr the case was continued until the October term of criminal court.

On Wednesday morning William H. Krantz, of Doubs, Frederick county, Md., fell down the steps at the St. Charles Hotel, at Point of Rocks, and broke his neck. He was 80 years of age, and was stopping at the hotel over night. When he arose in the morning he started down the stairs, but tripped and fell head foremost to the bottom. He was justice of the peace in Buckeystown district for many years.

THAT THROBING HEADACHE—Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by I. R. Wehler, Druggist.

Shorter Hours for Pupils.

If the opinions of the State papers may be taken at their face value the recommendation of Superintendent Brooks, of Philadelphia, that pupils in the primary schools should not be allowed to study after school hours, will before long become the rule in all the larger towns.

In the country districts they have practically a continuous session now. The dinner hour has been shortened in many places. There are many pupils who have little time to study at night. Their chores await them upon their return and keep them busy until bed time. Possibly this fact is not without influence in the development of their physical powers and in the success which through these they so often achieve in latter life. At any rate the fact is the same and it undoubtedly does not injure them.

Five hours in the study and recitation rooms is quite enough. It is just at that period in the life of a child that the mind is easily crippled through a too-severe strain of the body.

From Granite Hill.

The festival in Mr. Taughinbaugh's woods on Saturday evening was a grand success, the gross receipts amounted to \$25 and the net receipts to \$13.37. Although there was a large crowd present quiet and order prevailed. The money will be held to treat the Sunday-school at Christmas. The Superintendent returns thanks to all who kindly assisted and patronized the festival. LIX.

Struck by an Engine.

Albert Bechtel, of near New Baltimore, came to Hanover Saturday for a 4-horse wagon load of phosphate, and while crossing the P. R. R. tracks at the Abbotstown street crossing his wagon was struck by the engine of the 12.33 train from York, which, fortunately, was running slow at the time, thus avoiding a serious accident. The wagon, after being struck by the pilot of the engine was carried several feet before the engine was stopped. With the exception of a broken single tree, no other damage was sustained.—Record.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Consumption

is robbed of its terrors by the fact that the best medical authorities state that it is a curable disease; and one of the happy things about it is, that its victims rarely ever lose hope.

You know there are all sorts of secret nostrums advertised to cure consumption. Some make absurd claims. We only say that if taken in time and the laws of health are properly observed,

SCOTT'S
EMULSION

will heal the inflammation of the throat and lungs and nourish and strengthen the body so that it can throw off the disease.

We have thousands of testimonials where people claim they have been permanently cured of this malady.

See and feel, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

A Wonderful Cure of Diarrhoea.
A prominent Virginia editor had almost given up, but was brought back to perfect health by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

READ HIS EDITORIAL.

From the Times, Hillside, Va.

I suffered with diarrhoea for a long time and thought I was past being cured. I had spent much time and money and suffered so much misery that I had almost decided to give up all hopes of recovery and await the results, but noticing the advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and also some testimonials stating how some wonderful cures had been wrought by this remedy, I decided to try it. After taking a few doses I was entirely well of that trouble, and I wish to say further to my readers and fellow-sufferers that I am a hale and hearty man to-day and feel as well as I ever did in my life.—O. R. MOORE. Sold by all Druggists.

Christian Stultz and John Shilow, of Marietta, Lancaster county, are the owners of perhaps the largest and heaviest steer in the state. The weight of the animal is well on to 4000 pounds. He is five years old, and since they purchased him three years ago has eaten over 800 bushels of grain. The owners of the animal contemplate exhibiting him at a number of the county fairs of the state.

BRAVE MEN FALL—Victims to stomach liver and kidney troubles as well as women, and all feel the results in loss of appetite, poisons in the blood, backache, nervousness, headache and tired, listless, run-down feeling. But there's no need to feel like that. Listen to J. W. Gardner, Idaville, Ind. He says: "Electric Bitters are just the thing for a man when he is all run down, and don't care whether he lives or dies. It did more for to give me new strength and good appetite than anything I could take. I can now eat anything and have a new lease on life." Only 50 cents, at I. R. Wehler's Drug Store. Every bottle guaranteed.

Gold Medals to HARPER whiskey at New Orleans & Worlds Fair Chicago Try it, you will endorse the Judge's verdict.

Sold by F. L. Fleshman,
New Oxford, Pa.

Want to Buy A nice little home in New Oxford, E. Berlin, Hampton or Hanover. Inquire of

PHIL. SLAEGLE, Hampton, Pa.

FOR SALE.—Having two pianos and not teaching anymore, I will dispose of the one for \$25 cash. Any person wishing to purchase, please call before Sept. 1st. NETTIE M. SWARTZ.

NOTICE

TO CONSUMERS OF WATER IN THE BOROUGH OF NEW OXFORD, PA.

At a special meeting of Town Council the following rules and regulations were adopted:

That hereafter any person or persons found in the act of wasting or using water for any other purpose than for what they have contracted for, and those having children sprinkling property holders will be held responsible for their acts. No one to be allowed to sprinkle streets, etc., later than 8 o'clock in the morning nor earlier than 4 o'clock in the evening, and persons must confine themselves strictly to their own premises and are not allowed to sprinkle further than half-way across the street.

Any persons found violating the above rules will be liable to have the supply stopped and forfeit amount paid on water rent. By order of
Aug. 28, '99 TOWN COUNCIL.

DESIRABLE PROPERTIES
AT PRIVATE SALE.

The undersigned offers at private sale a desirable home, situated in Qualityville, a short distance from New Oxford Borough, fronting 60 feet on the New Chester road and running back 45 feet. Improved with a New 2 story Frame House, Stable, Hog Pen, well of good water, cistern and fruit of all kinds. This is a desirable property and should command the attention of buyers.

Also a desirable Property in New Chester, Straban township, containing 1/2 acre of Land, fronting on the Greaser mill road; improved with a 2-story Frame House with back-building, Stable Hog Pen and other outbuildings, well of good water, cistern and plenty of fruit of all kinds. The buildings are all in No. 1 condition. Both properties will be sold on liberal terms. For further particulars call on or address
GEO. F. WITTER,
New Chester, Pa.

PITCHERS.

We are overstocked with Pitchers and Glassware and we have put on a price to move them. It will be to your interest to call if you need anything in this line

Our Grocery Stock

is complete, and we MEET ALL COMPETITION.

WE WANT

Eggs, Lard and Cured Meats.

Your orders will be highly appreciated.

Respt.

M. S. H.,
ON THE SQUARE

All The Latest

NOVELTIES

Just Arrived

direct from the manufacturers

In All Departments.

Call and examine our new goods and compare quality and prices with other stores. Our store is open every evening.

C. B. Nace & Son,
Hanover, Pa.

FOR PRUNES,
PEACHES, RAISINS, & C.,

The Finest in Town,

HEINZ'S APPLE BUTTER
AND JELLIES.

FRESH OYSTERS DAILY

at Plymire's Store, CENTRE SQ.,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

ELMER E. WENTZ

SQUARE AND NO. 2 BALTO. ST., HANOVER, PA.

Summer Announcement:::

White Goods, Laws, Dimities, White and Colored Fiques, Gingham, Wash Silks, Plain and Fancy Silk for Waists, Ladies' Waists, Underwear, Vests, &c.; White and Fancy Shirts.

Great Bargains in Hose and Half Hose, Collars, Neckwear, &c.
Full line of all kinds of Dry Goods, Feathers, &c., &c.

DESIRABLE HOME
AT PRIVATE SALE.

The undersigned offers at private sale his desirable home, consisting of forty acres of land, more or less, in Straban township, midway between New Chester and Greaser's mill, improved with a two-story Log-weatherboarded House, bank barn, large shop, hog pen, plenty of good water, fruit of all kinds, &c. The land is in a No. 1 state of cultivation. The property will be sold on very reasonable terms. For further particulars call on or address
A. C. HOFFHEINS,
New Chester, Pa.

CHARLES K. YEAGER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

Deeds, bonds, mortgages wills, and all kinds of legal papers promptly and correctly written

Let me protect your EYES before it is too late. I will save them for you.



PROF. F. R. MAYER,
EXPERT OPTICIAN,

ROOM 11, RUPP BUILDING, YORK, PA.
Hours:—9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

There are about 400 churches in York county, the Lutherans leading.

NOTICE.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Adams County.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that the report of George H. Trostle, Thomas G. Neely and George L. Deardorff, viewers appointed to view and ascertain the damages and benefits accruing by reason of the opening of the opening of South Church Street in the Borough of McSherrytown, was filed in said Court the 26th day of August, 1899, and the following is a schedule of the damages estimated and benefits assessed:

SCHEDULE OF DAMAGES.
William McSherry.....\$550.00
Joseph Burkee..... 75.00
Rachel A. Riley..... 45.00

SCHEDULE OF BENEFITS.
William McSherry.....\$ 0.00
Joseph Burkee..... 175.00
Rachel A. Riley..... 145.00

and that said report will be confirmed absolute by the Court on the Second day of October, A. D., 1899, unless exceptions are filed thereto before that day.

AMOS J. COLLINS,
Prothonotary.

J. L. WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Gettysburg, Pa.

Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Office in Spangler building, 1st square, Baltimore Street.

BY H. I. SMITH.

TERMS—\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. If not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of the time paid for will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at usual rates—liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

FRIDAY EVENING, SEPT. 8, 1899.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Farmers are now busy putting out their fall seeding and cutting corn.

Read the new advertisements of G. B. Nace & Son in to-day's paper.

There are a number of pavements about town that are badly in need of repairs.

J. A. Thomas, of Hamilton, raised and sold 185 young pigeons during the month of August.

"They are simply perfect," writes Rob. Moore, of La Fayette, Ind., of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the "famous little pills" for constipation and all liver ailments. Never gripe. Randolph Wehler.

Parties using water from the Borough plant should read notice by Town Council in another column.

All the leading patent medicines can be had at Weikert's drug and jewelry store. Prices always the lowest.

Geo. C. Naylor, proprietor of Eichelberger's mills near town, made nearly 2600 gallons of cider one day last week.

Seven hams and shoulders were stolen from the premises of Mr. T. C. Griffin, near town, one night recently.

"Best on the market for coughs and colds and all bronchial troubles; for croup it has no equal," writes Harry R. Whitford, South Canaan, Conn., of One Minute Cough Cure. Randolph Wehler.

The Fall term of the Indian school at Carlisle began Friday, with 922 names on the roll.

Mr. John Kuhn, of Bonneauville has purchased the farm from the Barnitz heirs, along the Berlin road about one mile from town, 65 acres, for \$3,500.

Mr. Joseph Hoover, who recently sold his house on Berlin Avenue to Mr. J. P. Miller, has purchased the brick house of Mr. P. G. Breighner, on Pitt street, on private terms.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—A mill property with 40 acres of land, for sale or rent. For further information call on or address Mrs. J. E. MYERS, New Oxford, Pa.

The Picture enlarging fakirs are operating in Waynesboro and vicinity, and trouble arises in all their dealings with customers.

Most of the country schools will open next Monday. This is caused by the addition of one month to the length of the term.

The executors of estate of Pius Fink sold the home farm, at the edge of Littlestown, last Thursday, to Mr. George Sneringer, for \$5,100.

Frederic Lillich has purchased the farm of Jesse Masemer in Hamilton twp., consisting of 108 acres, at a consideration of \$30.60 per acre.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers promote good health by keeping liver and bowels properly regulated. Pleasant to take, never gripe. "Best pills made; we will use no other," says G. H. Applegate, J. P., Clarksburg, N. J. Randolph Wehler.

A factory for contract sewing work to employ at least one hundred girls, is contemplated by the proprietors of the late match factory at Hanover.

One night last week a number of chickens were stolen from the premises of Messrs. Frank Philips and David Grosskost, of Tyrone township.

The secret of advertising is so simple that many persons miss it. It is merely telling what you have to offer and making plain how you can benefit the buyer.

E. E. Turner, Compton, Mo., was cured of piles by DeWitt's Witch Hazel ointment after suffering seventeen years and trying over twenty remedies. Physicians and surgeons endorse it. Beware of dangerous counterfeits. Randolph Wehler.

A Chicken and Waffle supper for the benefit of the Parochial residence on Carlisle street, will be held at that place on Saturday evening, Sept. 16th. Everybody invited.

The public schools of this place opened on Monday with the following teachers: No. 1 Prof. Daniel Ruff, No. 2 Miss Iae Gardner, No. 3 Miss Minnie Lau.

The Parochial school opened on Tuesday with Prof. J. F. Maguir as teacher.

For wounds, burns, scalds, sores, skin diseases and all irritating eruptions, nothing so soothing and healing as DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Mrs. Emma Bolles, patron Englewood Nursery, Chicago, says of it: "When all else fails in healing my babies, it will cure." R. Wehler.

B. F. Schriver's caning factory at Littlestown has thus far this season put up over 1,000 tons of corn.

J. Harry Mehning, of Littlestown, last week exhibited 86 pair of fancy bred birds at the Baltimore County, Md., fair, and won 35 first premiums.

Saturday morning, Mrs. Samuel H. Forney, of Hanover, fell on the back porch of her residence, striking a tub, and breaking two ribs.

L. W. Lighty, of East Berlin, has been appointed one of the delegates by Governor Stone to represent Pennsylvania at the Farmer Congress, to be held at Boston, October 3.

Sheriff Miller on Saturday sold a tract of land in Huntington township, containing 111 acres—property of David B. Sprengle, to Wm. G. Leas, of East Berlin, for \$100.

"I suffered with piles eleven years before using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve; now my health is fully restored,—I feel like a new born man"—Conrad Stange, Pierz, Minn. A soothing, healing preparation of standard merit; beware of worthless counterfeits. R. Wehler.

John Starner, son of Lucinda Starner, of Littlestown, has been incorrigible and will be sent to a reformatory this week, where he will remain until he is 21 years of age.

Some time during Thursday night thieves entered the cigar factory of A. F. Hostetter, Hanover, and stole a bale of fine Sumatra tobacco, containing 160 lbs., valued at about \$500.

Rufus Krug, of Midway, while alighting from a wagon on Monday morning, fell and dislocated his right arm at the shoulder, and fractured the shoulder blade.

The great success of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the treatment of bowel complaint has made it standard all over the greater part of the civilized world. For sale by all Druggists.

While Mrs. Cornelius Dougherty, of Gettysburg, was going down the cellar steps on Monday afternoon she slipped and fell. Her face struck against a stone at the bottom of the stairway, breaking her lower jaw on the right side.

The large straw stack in front of the barn of Mrs. D. G. Sheely, one mile west of Bendersville, was burned on Sunday afternoon. By hard work the barn was saved. The fire originated from the use of matches by several small boys.

Mrs. J. E. Myers, of Philadelphia St., this place, was among the many who attended the sesque centennial at York on Tuesday. While out on the fair ground viewing the fireworks and Fall of Manila, she was so unfortunate as to lose or have her shopping pouch taken. The pouch contained a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, key to her house, etc.

During the storm of Saturday evening a week lightning struck the west gable end of the house of Mr. J. N. Hersb on Pitt street. Mr. Hersb was not aware of the fact until the latter part of last week when on going to the garret he found the plastering and wash-boards torn loose and scattered about the floor, some of the brick were also slightly moved.

Clyde Weaver, son of J. W. Weaver, of Menallen township, who was kicked by a horse three weeks ago and had his skull fractured from the eye to the temple making a gash three inches long by one inch wide, and from which there were sixteen pieces of fractured skull taken by Drs. Smith and Goldsboro, is getting along well and is on a fair way to recovery.

On Saturday, Sept. 30th, Sheriff Miller will sell at the court house in Gettysburg the following properties:

Two lots of ground with improvements in Gettysburg—properties of Morgan Micklev.

Tract of 78 acres of land with improvements in Huntington township—property of C. H. Walter.

It will be pleasing for believers in signs to learn that already the katydid has lifted up her voice in the land. In the language of tradition this means that frost may be expected in six weeks. As yet only a faint cry has been given. As remarked by Holmes, the katydid says "an undisputed thing in such a solemn way."—Star and Sentinel.

Is brother Buehler only awakening from a long sleep, or are we in this locality a month ahead to enjoy sleighing before they have a nip of frost at Gettysburg? The katydid has been singing its nightly songs for the past four weeks in this vicinity.

Already we hear of about a half dozen families who are unable to rent houses for the next year in this place. Why is it that some of our capitalists do not erect some comfortable tenement houses, that can be rented for from \$60 to \$80. It surely will be a paying investment. We cannot expect the town to grow if we have no houses to accommodate the people who are here, to say nothing about those who would like to locate in the town. It is not willed for every family to own a house.

PERSONAL.

Miss Ella J. Leib, of Baltimore, spent several days with her grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Melhorn, W. High street.

F. S. O. A., and M. J. Smith, of this place, assisted the City Band of Hanover, at York on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. Basil P. Fink, of Moundsville, W. Va., spent several days with his father-in-law, Mr. P. J. Noel, Hanover street.

Mr. P. G. Breighner one of the live clerks with the firm of G. W. Weaver & Son, of Gettysburg, and little daughter, were circulating among friends in town on Monday and paid this office an appreciated call.

J. McC. Gilbert, our enterprising hardware merchant, is attending the G. A. R. encampment at Philadelphia this week.

Mrs. Mary Ehrehart, McSherrystown, visited friends in this place over Sunday.

Many of our citizens attended the Sesqui-Centennial at York this week.

Mrs. Carrie Leibe, of Baltimore, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Sarah Melhorn, High street.

Mr. Charles Woodman and Mr. and Mrs. Messersmith of Williamstown, Dauphin county, spent a few days with the family of Mr. J. W. Winand, High St.

Dr. H. W. Swartz returned from Baltimore on the 10 o'clock train Saturday morning, and until 4 o'clock in the afternoon he had treated six cases of cancer.

Hymeniol.

Mr. J. B. Weaver, son of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Weaver of Hanover street, and Miss M. Edith Lau, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew G. Lau of Pitt street, were joined in the holy bonds of wedlock in the church of the Immaculate Conception on Tuesday morning by Rev. Father Burger. Mr. F. L. Weaver, brother of the groom, and Miss Bessie Morse, of Baltimore, acted as groomsmen and bridesmaid. After breakfasting at the home of the bride the wedding party took the 9:06 train for Baltimore, there to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Morse and family, 618 Calhoun St.

A grand reception was given them by the Morse family and their many friends at 9:30 on the evening of their wedding day. The presents were many and handsome, consisting of useful articles and souvenirs. The evening was spent in a most enjoyable way and many were the congratulations heaped upon the newly wedded couple.

Besides the bridal couple, those present were: Mr. and Mrs. John Morse and Charles, Carroll, Edith, Thresa, Ruth and Frederick Morse, the Misses Pearl Marfield and Regina Codd, Charles E. Lewis, buglar on the U. S. ship Dixie, Chas. L. Gillespie, Wm. F. Haynes, Wm. G. Moulton, jr., Alfred O'Farrel, and Miss Bessie M. Morse and Frank L. Weaver attendants of the bridal couple.

Fierce Fight with a Dog.

Carl Erdman, of Hanover, while on a visit to his farm, near this place, Tuesday afternoon, was bitten severely by a dog owned by H. Stallsmith, his tenant farmer. On Mr. Erdman's arrival at the house he found no one at home, but a large dog dashed out from under the porch and attacked him savagely, biting him in the left leg and right hand. Mr. Erdman defended himself as best he could, and finally got the dog by the throat, almost strangling the beast. When he let go of him he renewed the attack, but was beaten off. The noise brought the farmer, Mr. Stallsmith, from the barn, he having just returned from a field, and the dog subsided under his master's command. Mr. Erdman's leg is severely bitten, but it is hoped no serious results will follow.

Improvements.

The addition to the Parochial residence on Carlisle street is receiving the finishing touches, and will be ready for occupancy in a very short time. It is a very substantial building and is fitted out with all the modern improvements.

The Hersh homestead, recently purchased by C. K. Yeager, Esq., on Pitt St., has undergone a thorough remodeling, being fitted with modern improvements. The appearance of the place has been very materially changed.

The new dwelling of Mr. E. C. Livingston, on Pitt street, is now under roof and when completed will be one of the most modern and convenient residences in town.

The bricklayers are now at work on the new dwelling house of Mr. W. H. Dechert, adjoining that of Mr. Livingston. When completed this will be classed among the finest buildings in town.

The new frame house of Mr. John Melhorn, near town, is about completed.

Fair and Festival.

The ladies of the Immaculate Conception congregation of this place will hold a fair and festival for the benefit of the church, in the school room and I. C. L. A. hall, beginning Nov. 25th and continue one week. Extensive preparations are already being made.

Death's Doings.

Mr. Abraham Hykes, a well known resident of Reading township, died Wednesday of last week, his illness being typhoid fever. He was married three times, his last wife, who was Miss Laura Eise of Tyrone township, still survives him. Deceased was aged about 57 years.

Issabella Eva Diehl, aged 6 months and 4 days, died at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Diehl on Pitt street, Saturday morning. Interment was made in the New Oxford cemetery Sunday afternoon, Rev. F. Hesse officiating.

Buggy Wrecked.

Thursday afternoon as Wm. A. Himes, of this place, was on his way to Hanover and while driving along McSherrystown Ave., his horse frightened at a pile of brick and threw Mr. Himes and his driver, Jas. Fuhrman, out of the buggy, and then dashed against a post where he freed himself. The occupants of the buggy were somewhat bruised, and the vehicle is a total wreck.

Sat Upon a Snake.

A gentleman residing near town, while cutting off corn one day last week, became very tired and sat down in the grass to take a rest. He felt something moving beneath him and arose to make an examination of the place, when a garter snake, about 2½ feet in length quickly glided from the scene. We are informed that the gentleman's hair is yet standing straight on his head, and he will hereafter be a little more particular where he sits down to rest.

Century of Old Landmark.

Thursday, Sept. 7, 1899, the old homestead, known as "Cross Keys," owned at present by Misses Margaret S. and Bessie I Gitt, located in Oxford township, 1½ miles east of town, reached the century mark as the property of the family. It was bought at sheriff sale in 1799 by William Gitt, great-grandfather of the owners, for his son Henry, grandfather of the present owners.

Henry Gitt took possession and opened an inn known as the "Cross Keys Inn," in 1809. There being no railroads then, it became a very useful and well-known place to travelers. It is located 187 miles from Pittsburg, 103 miles from Philadelphia, 24 miles from Carlisle and 48 miles from Baltimore. It doubtless was named "Cross Keys" because of the intersection of the two pikes, viz: The Philadelphia and Pittsburg and the Baltimore and Carlisle.

At the death of Henry Gitt, it became by inheritance, the property of his son, Edmund Gitt, after whose death, a little over a year ago, it became, again by inheritance, the property of his daughters, Margaret S. and Bessie I. Gitt.

It will readily be seen that this property has been in the Gitt name for a century, the present owners being the fourth generation. Two generations were born and bred there. Part of the present house has never been rebuilt since its purchase in 1799. The property was then located in York county.

Hicks for September.

The August predictions of Hicks did not win him the same glory as those of July, when the storms appeared near the dates he said they would. Of September he says:

Mars is about passing between Jupiter and the sun, and this astronomical event must be taken into consideration in reckoning up the causes of disturbances during this equinoctial month. Mercury and Venus will pass their superior conjunctions with the earth and sun on the 15th and 30th respectively. Venus will be visible on the western horizon during the latter part of the month. The first storm period falls between the 2nd and 7th, and a warm wave will move out from western parts of the continent. A magnetic and electrical crisis is due for the 15th. A reactionary storm period is central on the 22nd and the regular Venus disturbance on the 27th.

Heirs to a Fortune.

Mrs. D. F. Stair, of Hanover, and Mrs. Dr. F. A. H. Koch, of York, are great-granddaughters of Matthias Sittler, Jr., of Baltimore, who died in 1744, and whose descendants are now prosecuting a claim for the fortune left by him, amounting to \$75,000,000 in value.

Matthias was a strict Roman Catholic. His sons, Matthias, 2nd, and Abraham, became Lutherans, and the old man cut them adrift, leaving his property to the Crown, to be delivered to the heirs of his sons 100 years after death.

A large barn owned by Daniel Craul, in Washington township, York county, and tenanted by Isaac Myers, was destroyed by fire Saturday night. All the season's crops were consumed, including 50 tons of hay, 600 bushels of wheat and 700 bushels of oats, and one hog. The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin.

Clearfield Countians are amused over a litigation to settle the ownership of a scrubby little sheep. A Mrs. Sarah Kline and Mr. George W. Mattern are the rival claimants of the animal, and after a hearing of the case, on Saturday, three attorneys smilingly received their retainers, three arbitrators accepted rewards for services and nineteen witnesses filed bills for fees. Now Mr. Mattern proposes to take the case to court, no matter what it shall cost. This litigation promises to compare somewhat with the Western calf case, last heard of in the United States Supreme Court, which dispute cost two neighbors four valuable farms and much personal property in seeking vindication.

A FRIGHTFUL BLENDER—Will often cause a horrible Burn, Scald, Cut or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best File cure on earth. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by I. R. Wehler, Druggist.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Rev. Noah Yeiser, a Lutheran Missionary of India, will lecture on work in India, on Saturday evening in St. Paul's Lutheran church at 7:30 o'clock. He will also preach on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

Sunday School 9 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. 6 p. m. Catechetical class will meet Saturday at 2 p. m.

REV. FERDINAND HESSE, Pastor. There will be preaching in the M. E. church next Sunday at 7 p. m.; Sunday School 9 a. m.; Epworth League 6 p. m. REV. GEORGE M. GLENX, Pastor.

There will be one mass in the Catholic church next Sunday—High Mass at 10:30 o'clock.

REV. S. CLEMENT BURGER, Pastor. Divine service in St. Paul's Reformed church next Sunday at 7 p. m.

Sunday School 9 a. m.; C. E. Society 6 p. m.; Teachers meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m.

Prayer-meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. REV. P. E. HEIMER, Pastor.

MILLIONS GIVEN AWAY.—It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten million trial bottles of this great medicine; and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs are surely surely cured by it. Call on I. R. Wehler, Druggist, and get a free trial bottle. Regular size 50c. and \$1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

THE MARKETS.

NEW OXFORD.—By Z. H. Cashman

Choice Wheat	5 63
No. 2 "	5 60
Raked "	5 59
Rye	42 @ 45
Corn	38 @ 40
Oats	20 @ 22
Clover seed, per lb.	2 @ 4
Timothy seed	1.00 @ 1.50
Timothy hay	5 00 @ 8 00
Eye straw	4 00 @ 5 00

MARRIED.

Sept. 3, at the Reformed parsonage in this place, by Rev. P. Heimer, Mr. John F. Kinneman, of Abbottstown, to Miss Alverta Stremmel, of near Hanover.

Sept. 5, in this place, by Rev. Father Burger, J. B. Weaver to Miss M. Edith Lau, both of this place.

Sept. 3, by Rev. J. C. Koiler, William H. Reagle, of Conewago township, to Miss Sadie C. Emmert, of Grangeville, York county.

DIED.

Deaths free—tributes, verses, &c., 5 cts. a line

Aug. 26, in Huntington township, Roy J. Lentz, aged 1 year, 9 months and 17 days.

August 26, in Huntington township, Martha Jane Baker, aged 46 years, 8 months and 12 days.

Aug. 30, in Buchanan Valley, Miss Ella C. Cole, aged 23 years and 11 mo.

AN EASY TEST.

If you are suffering from Kidney or Bladder disease, the doctor asks: "Do you desire to urinate often, and are you compelled to get up frequently during the night? Does your back pain you? Does your urine stain linen? Is there a scalding pain in passing it, and is it difficult to hold the urine back? If so, your Kidneys or Bladder are diseased." Try putting some of your urine in a glass tumbler, let it stand twenty-four hours. If there is a sediment, or a cloudy, milky appearance, your Kidneys are sick.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will surely relieve and cure even the most distressing cases of these dread diseases, and no physician can prescribe a medicine that equals it for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Blood, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia and Chronic Constipation. It will promptly correct the bad effects of beer and whiskey. All drug stores sell it for one dollar a bottle.

By sending your address to the DR. DAVID KENNEDY CORPORATION, Rondout, N. Y., and mentioning this paper a trial bottle, together with pamphlet of valuable medical advice, will be sent you free postpaid by mail. Our readers can depend upon the genuineness of this liberal offer.

A SONG OF MEMORY.

In the tumult of cities she slips away,
But wherever the woods are green
My half-closed petals of life expand
At the touch of the tender queen.
For she comes from the land of Youth,
Ere I drank of the fount of tears,
With the gold of the jasmine upon her brow,
And the light of the vanished years!

She has shed the rays of her sun-bright face
When my soul was in deep eclipse,
And has blown the dust of my thoughts afar
With the rose breath of her lips.
For she comes from the land of Youth,
Ere I drank of the fount of tears,
With the gold of the jasmine upon her brow,
And the light of the vanished years!

She has led me back to the hills of home,
By Arcadian woods and streams,
And has clothed the grace of the days gone
By

In a vesture born of dreams:
For she comes from the land of Youth,
Ere I drank of the fount of tears,
With the gold of the jasmine upon her brow,
And the light of the vanished years!
—William Hamilton Hayne, in Harper's
Bazar.

- IN -

The Midst of Life.

Should he accept the invitation which his servant had brought up to his bedside and read to him that morning? He hardly had the courage. And yet George Preston should not have been the man to turn back for anything.

One of the youngest captains in the service, he had seen much fighting, and had won honor and promotion by his courage and ability on the Indian frontier. Handsome, healthy, and wholesome-minded, he was a man whom any one might have admired and envied till his great misfortune befell him.

For he was blind. A crushing fall with his horse when out pig sticking had caused severe injuries to his head, and when he recovered consciousness all was dark to him. The nerves of sight seemed to be paralyzed.

He had come back to England a few months ago and had taken some rooms in London. His own people were all dead, and he was dependent on the kindness of his friends for society.

And his old comrades did not forget him, and many a dark hour was brightened by their old-time talk and cheerfulness.

But London was getting empty, and the weather was, oh! so hot that George was looking forward with dismal heart to the coming months.

The invitation was from a distant cousin in the Highlands—Graham by name—in whose house, when a boy, he had spent many happy holidays. It was very kind and pressing, and at last George made up his mind to accept it.

It was a bright summer day when his train neared the station where he was to be met. His spirits had risen during the journey. The quick motion and the scent and sounds borne on the mountain breeze had brought animation to his look. But his courage fell very low when his train began to slacken speed, and he realized that for the first time in his life he was to be helpless in the midst of people whom the passage of years had made almost strangers.

However, the end came. His man helped him out of the train, but hardly was his foot on the ground when he heard himself addressed by girlish voices and touched by gentle hands, which relieved him of all his belongings and led him to the carriage.

"Oh, George, we're so glad you've come! We always called you George, you know; you don't mind it do you? Cousins count for a lot in the Highlands. I'm Helen, and this is None and this is Bell. You'll soon know us by our voices, for we're terrible chatterboxes."

And, prattling and tending to him with all the little kindnesses of warm-hearted girls, they soon put him at his ease.

Mrs. Graham received him at the door and kissed "her boy for old times' sake," as she said, and George's sightless eyes were filled with tears as he was guided to his room.

"Dinner in half an hour sharp," said his hostess. And as the gong sounded he stepped from his room, to find a hand placed in his, and he heard Helen's voice saying: "I've come to show you the way—three steps to the left, now 18 straight down—that's capital. You must remember the numbers."

It was a bright, unselfish household, and when George found himself alone that night he knew he felt a happiness not known for long.

The days went by for him as in a new world, marked by the most thoughtful helpfulness of all. But it was Helen who made herself especially George's friend and guide. She it was who took him out of himself and made him do things he would not have attempted of his own accord.

Was the music in the evening, George must do his part and sing, and when they danced, Helen it was who was his chief partner, and who guided him through the other dancers. She would never allow him to be left out of anything that was going on, even mounting him on her own pony, and with a leading rein taking him for a

center on the wide pastureland round the domain.

But what he liked best was to be taken out by her on the loch. Here with the oars he could feel himself almost on a level with any one, and could get rid of his pent-up energy. Drifting, too, in the summer evenings, when he could hear the trout leaping round the boat, was very pleasant, for then he had Helen all to himself, and her sympathetic friendship was eyes to the sightless man.

She used to tell him all that had happened in their own circle since he left the country for India, till at last he felt that he was one of themselves and said so, telling her all his life abroad seemed a dream from which he was just awakening. "But I awoke before it was light," he added, with a sigh. Then Helen would make him row his hardest, or would put a rod in his hand and with another herself would challenge him to catch the first trout. She would never let him dwell on his trouble and did everything she could to prevent him feeling his infirmity.

But there was a pain in all this, for he felt his to be a maimed life, and incapable of ever being anything more to a woman than a cause of tender pity. Yet at times, when she was acting as his gentle guide, he would almost hope that the pressure of her hand or the subtle shade of color in her voice showed something more than compassion.

Helen was one of those women who seem predestined for happiness to themselves and others. Thoughtful for all she forgot no one but herself, and remembered everything except a slight or personal unkindness. These, indeed, could be but few in number, for, with her "eyes like the sea" and heart as big, she disarmed all un-friendliness, with the charm of womanly grace and gracious womanhood. Spite and sorrow lost themselves in the pure depths of her nature.

And so time went on. They both loved, yet neither would speak—one of her womanliness, the other of his manhood.

But one evening when they were drifting alone in the boat down the loch, Helen, who had been watching his face, could not help saying:

"What are you going to do after you leave us?"

"God knows, Helen!"

"You need some one to take care of you."

No answer, but he was sobbing.

"George, would you like me to take care of you?"

"No, Helen that can't be—can't be. I must bear my sorrow, and spoil no other life."

"George, have you been happy here?"

"Yes—wickedly happy! I oughtn't to have stayed to realize it."

"I have been very happy, too, George. Will you not let me realize it?"

"No, no, Helen, it would be un-manly of me. It can't be. I love you with all my soul, but the offering of my love would be a contemptible gift."

"George, you said it would be un-manly of you to offer me your love, but don't you think it is harder for me to have done an unwomanly thing and asked you for it? Won't you think of my happiness. I can't be happy without you."

He was amazed to realize that she loved him entirely for himself, and the radiance of his face showed his joy.

Then Helen, taking his hand, said: "George, will you be my husband?" And, with voice vibrating with tenderness, and yet striving to assume a tone of mischievous raillery, she added: "You know it's leap year, George—the woman's privilege! Won't you, George?"

Alas! I fear poor George's scruples had vanished, for he showed no sign of resistance as Helen drew him near and kissed him, saying: "Now, George, won't you answer?"

And George answered.

And so it was settled that a wedding there should be, and every one was happy over it. No one suggested that Helen was throwing herself away, for in that household selfishness had little place, and self-denial was looked on as the royal road to and end of love.

If it were possible that their companionship could have been closer than before, of course it was so now, and as a fiancé lovers they spent long days whose brightness seemed threatened by no cloud. And those days were a whole season of joy, yet they were all too short.

One fateful morning they had walked far out, on the hills, when they were overtaken by a storm, and took shelter under the lee of some firs, and waited for it to pass by.

Hand-in-hand they listened to the thunder and the mad music of the wind. Helen, fearless as she was gentle, looked in the sight, and when there was one specially glaring fork of lightning, she said:

"Wasn't that grand?" And then, recollecting, and pressing George's hand, she said: "Oh, George, I'm so sorry! I'd give my life if you could see!"

As she spoke there came another awful flash and crash of thunder and both fell to the ground beside a splintered fir.

George arose almost at once from his numbness, rubbing his eyes. Then he staggered and caught his breath. Then he shouted wildly: "I can see again, Helen! I can see! Where are you?"

And he turned and saw his Helen on the ground.

But Helen was dead!—Answer.

PLEA FOR FRUIT JUICES.

Drinks That Are Wholesome as Well as Palatable.

What shall we drink is a question asked and answered by E. H. Chase in the magazine, "What to Eat." He says:

What shall we drink? Not coffee, says the modern writer on health, for it works on the nerves and aids neuria to build its fearful carnival of pain through all the overwrought system. Not tea, unless we want our stomachs poisoned with tannic acid, and our sleeping hours turned into a torture of wakefulness. Not water, for lo! it swarms with ten thousand living organisms that are there on purpose to prey upon the unsuspecting habiter of the unfiltered article. Not milk, for where water contains one microbe milk contains an army, and often they are of a more deadly nature. Therefore we who read as we run look about us for something to drink and are yet against it.

Boiling water takes from it the sparkle and leaves it insipid. Boiling milk changes both its taste and its action. Fruit juices, when such can be obtained free from adulteration, are not only agreeable to most people, but are healthful as well. A home preparation of fruit juices, in variety, may be had by every family willing to prepare them at a slight cost. They should be securely sealed in jars, wrapped in brown paper to exclude the light, and labelled. In early spring both oranges and lemons are plentiful. These may be prepared as follows:

ORANGE AND LEMON JUICE.

Remove the rinds from a dozen oranges, slice and remove the seeds; cover with water and boil fifteen minutes, or until tender; strain through a flannel bag, and add a cup of sugar; return to the kettle and boil until the sugar is dissolved, stirring constantly; seal boiling hot and stand the jar on its head until cool.

Lemons are prepared in the same way, except that more water may be added, and two cups of sugar to the pint will not be too much. Strawberries, raspberries, plums and blackberries follow in their season, and should be pressed into service for this purpose. Berries need but little boiling, if stirred well, and a cup of sugar to two quarts of juice will be ample. Prunes, damsons and grapes must be well washed, and the water in which they are to be boiled should come up well over them. They must boil until broken and tender throughout.

To prunes but little sugar should be added, but to the damsons and grapes at least two cups of sugar to two quarts of juice. The bag must hang and drain, and not be pressed, if one desires the juice clear. A basket of grapes, which may be had for 10 cents, will make several quarts of juice.

TO PRESERVE SOUR-APPLE JUICE.

Crabapples and sour apples of every kind make a very pleasant and healthful drink. These must be prepared with care, well washed, the stems, blossom ends and all specks and bruises removed, and allowed to boil until all flavor is extracted from them. If the parings are left on, the color will be brighter. Too much water can hardly be added at first, but when strained the juice should be boiled until of proper flavor for a beverage.

These fruit juices can later be made into jellies or used to color gelatins, if this is desired, and, used as effervescent drinks, they are far superior to the "pure fruit" juices of commerce. The call for grape juice for the hospitals the last year speaks for itself as to the desirableness of keeping this beverage in the house for the sick, even if the well go on drinking adulterations and microbes.

The Postal Barometer of Prosperity.

Ten years ago the postoffice department issued postage stamps, post-cards and stamped envelopes to the number of 2,818,565,321 and received for them the sum of \$32,921,784. Since that time the increase has been continuous, until in 1892 the number issued reached 4,593,853,765, and their price was \$83,289,253.

So far this year the increase has been more rapid than ever, and the department estimates the total issues for the calendar year 1899 at 5,100,000,000, and their value at \$93,000,000.

The gain is only in part due to increased population, for this year's business, if the estimates are borne out, will be more than twice that of 1887, though the population has increased in the meantime only 20 per cent. Moreover, the enormously increased use of the telegraph, telephone and messenger service in lieu of mail letters must be reckoned as in great part offsetting the increase of population as a cause of postal growth. The best authorities regard the figures as chiefly an index of advancing prosperity and increasing business activity.—New York World.

Professional Cards.

DR. H. ROSS BLACK,

DENTIST—Office in rooms formerly occupied by the late Dr. Faber Bange, No. 1 Carlisle Street, HANOVER, PA.

DR. WM. HOLLINGER,

DENTIST—Office and Residence, ABOVE TOWN, PA.

Will be at Sunday's hotel, New Oxford, every Wednesday. All the latest appliances.

S. S. NEELY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on York street, next door to Gettysburg National Bank.

WM. MCSHERRY, Jr.,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa. Will carefully and promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office opposite court house.

J. L. BUTT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office with J. A. Kitzmiller, on second floor of Spangler building on Baltimore street. Prompt attention given to settlement of estates of decedents, minors, etc.; also to conveying, liens and collections.

MCPHERSON & MCPHERSON,

John B. McPherson. Donald P. McPherson. Attorneys-at-Law, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on second floor of "Star and Sentinel" building. Will attend promptly to all legal business submitted to them.

G. J. BENNER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Offices on Baltimore street, in rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Breneman's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

EAGLE HOTEL, New Oxford.

Frank Fleishman, Proprietor. House thoroughly refitted and refurnished. The bar stocked with the choicest wines, liquors and cigars, while the table will be supplied with the choicest delicacies the market affords. Ample stabling.

HOTEL YANTIS,

On Sq. from Depot, Littlestown, Pa. G. BROOK YANTIS, Prop'r. New House, New Furniture, Old Landlord. Up-to-date and first-class throughout.

MARSHALL HOUSE, York, Pa.

Adjoining the Court House. John S. Baughman, Proprietor. The bar is stocked with Choice Wines, Beer and Liquors, and fine brands of Cigars. The table is supplied with the best the market affords. Free 'Bus to and from trains. Extensive stabling attached to the hotel.

GETTYSBURG, PA. :::

CITY HOTEL.

Half square from either depot. Livery connected with the hotel. Drive of 20 miles with four or more, over battlefield, \$1.35, including dinner. J. E. HUGHES, Proprietor.

GLOBE HOTEL,

ELIAS FISSEL, Prop'r.

York Street, First Square, GETTYSBURG, PA. Accommodations first-class in every particular. Bar stock of the very best.

LIVERY ATTACHED.

Teams given careful attention. Telephone No. 122.

WASHINGTON HOUSE,

Carlisle St., Gettysburg, Pa.

Opposite W. M. Depot and one square from P. & R. depot. Good livery attached. Good battlefield guides furnished.

AMOS W. NEWMAN, Proprietor.

CO TO THE NEW OXFORD

Monumental : : Works

FOR YOUR CEMETERY WORK.

I sell my work according to the times; guarantee good work and lower prices than anywhere else for good work. I deliver my work free of charge anywhere in the county. Come see me. I have some of the latest designs to pick from.

E. C. LOUGH, Proprietor.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

Z. H. CASHMAN.

At the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER ST., NEW OXFORD, PA., will buy and sell all kinds of Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Bran, Middlings, Chop, etc., Also

The Best Brands of Flour,

Coarse and Fine Salt, etc. Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give him a call. Free delivery to any part of the borough. Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday afternoon for Baltimore. Returning, leaves Hellen Station every Friday at 4 o'clock p. m. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

CLEMENT LINGG,

SURVEYOR.

New Oxford, Adams county, Pa. CHARGES MODERATE.

A syndicate is being formed in Cork to ensure quick and cheap transport of Irish dairy produce to the English markets.

CEO. F. RABINE,

Practical Barber and Hairdresser,

Eagle Hotel Building,

Centre Square, New Oxford, Pa.

Having opened a first-class Barber Shop in the above named place, I respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage.

GIVE ME A CALL

AUCTIONEERING.

CEO. L. COLESTOCK

Offers his services to the public as Auctioneer. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. Postoffice address, NEW CHESTER, Adams county, Pa.

... ESTABLISHED, 1871 ...

Rinehart, Childs & Briggs,

Howard and Franklin Sts.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Flour and Produce Commission House.

Solicit consignments of Pork, Lard, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, &c. Guarantee full market prices and immediate returns with the cash. Refer to Z. H. CASHMAN, New Oxford, Pa.

When in Hanover and in need

of a Hotel, drop in the

HOTEL ABELL.

American and European Plan.

Restaurant Attached.

T. L. ABELL, Propri.

FINE HORSES

on hand at all times For Sale or Exchange —AT— C. J. SMITH'S Sale and Exchange Stables, HANOVER.

I would respectfully call the attention of the general public to the fact that I have just received a nice lot of

DRIVING and WORK HORSES.

some of them good leaders.

C. J. SMITH, Chestnut St., opp. Brodbeck's Warehouse, HANOVER, PA.

GRAIN

AND

PRODUCE.

N. LINGG & BRO.,

(Successors to A. Sheely.)

PITT STREET, NEW OXFORD.

The undersigned having purchased the warehouse of A. Sheely on Pitt street, New Oxford, Pa., they will continue to buy all kinds of GRAIN, such as

Wheat, Rye, Oats, Corn, Clover Timothy, and all kinds of Grass Seeds, Flax Seed, Hay, Straw, Potatoes, &c. Will also have for sale

The Best Brands of Flour,

Coarse and Fine Salt, and everything usually kept in a place of this kind.

Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give us a call. Free delivery to any part of the borough.

The business will be in charge of H. G. Wehler, who will always be found to be courteous and obliging.

N. LINCC & BRO.

TO BUILDERS!

CLOSING OUT SALE OF

LUMBER

Having disposed of my warehouse

hay shed, I will continue the

Lumber and Coal

Business at the old stand, and desiring

to CLOSE OUT this business I

wish to inform the public that my

stock of LUMBER is COMPLETE,

consisting of White and Yellow Pine

of all kinds, Cypress, Poplar and

Hemlock Boards, Joist and Scantling

of all kinds, White Pine, Hemlock

and Cypress Shingles, Roofing Slate,

Sash, Doors and Blinds, which I will

sell at bottom prices, and as lum-

ber has advanced, it will be to your

interest to call and get prices before

buying elsewhere. Also a big lot of

locust posts, hewed and in the rough

A. SHEELY,

Pitt St., New Oxford, Pa.

J. H. BROUGH,

INSURANCE and GENERAL BUSI-

NESS AGENCY,

21 Carlisle St., Hanover, Pa.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is one of those who have known what it is to be poor. When a man like the Primate has had to work in the bitter cold weather without a fire, because he couldn't afford one, and has had to wear patched clothes, it may fairly be said that he has known poverty.

A grape-growing association in central county of Alabama is shipping grapes to the North from a vineyard of 400 acres. The vines are three years old and bearing handsomely.

PRESIDENTIAL TRAVELS.

RAILROAD ARRANGEMENTS WHEN A CHIEF EXECUTIVE TRAVELS.

Lincoln the Only President Who Had a Private Car—Proposed Special Train for Presidents—The Matter of Paying Fare—Arranging Time Table.

It is only in recent years that presidential journeying has been made spectacular. The early presidents could travel about without being mobbed. Jackson and Taylor walked the streets of Washington and stopped to chat with a friend like any other citizen, and when they traveled no one thought of standing and gazing at them or of forcing himself upon them for a handshake. Then the president of the United States could travel as simply and unostentatiously as he pleased. Now he goes in a special train and the band at every crossroads station plays "Hail to the Chief" horribly.

There was only one president who had a private car. That was Lincoln, the man of all others who was simple in his tastes. It was not a very fine affair. Today it would not be used for second-class traffic. All other presidents have traveled in private cars offered for their use by railroad or sleeping-car companies.

Just after the election of President McKinley some railroad men got together and planned a special car for the president, which was to be finer than Queen Victoria's. It was to be built throughout of native products, and the blending of native woods in its decoration was to suggest every part of the country. All the material was to be contributed and the labor was to be done in the railroad shops. This scheme was so attractive that presently it expanded into a plan for an entire train for the president's use, to be an appanage of the executive office, not Mr. McKinley's private property. The elaborated plan provided for a baggage car to contain a dynamo for heating and lighting the other cars, a sleeping coach for the president's secretary and clerks, and a special car for the president and his guests. As planned, the president's car was to be 69 feet 6 inches long, or 15 1-2 feet longer than Queen Victoria's, while its width was to be 9 feet 8 inches. At one end was to be the kitchen, with quarters for cook and porter. A salon in the middle of the car, two bedrooms, a bathroom and an observation room were also in the plans. Nothing has been done toward building this train and the project seems to have fallen through. So the president in his outings will use other persons' cars, as most of his predecessors have done.

Sleeping-car companies put at the disposal of the president the finest cars, and railroad officers tender the use of their private coaches, because as they go about the country they are a peripatetic advertisement for railroad and sleeping-car companies, and either one would be very glad, if it were necessary, to pay something for the privilege of carrying the chief magistrate. Only one railroad man disagrees with this proposition so far as known. He was the general passenger agent of a line running east from St. Louis when President Harrison visited that city. The railroad man who was managing the trips was allied with the same interests as the general passenger agent, though on a different line. He declined the invitation of another road to take the president's train east through loyalty to his own people. And then the general passenger agent made him pay the full first-class fare for hauling the president's special. It was repaid him later—and that is about as near as a president of the United States has come to paying fare in a long time.

When President Cleveland made his first trip west he paid fare for himself and all the members of his party. The interstate commerce law had just gone into effect and he was afraid of being criticized for violating it. But the five or six first-class tickets which his private secretary bought did not pay for the fine special train that he used.

Hauling the president's special is an expensive undertaking. On most roads it means side-tracking all other business for the time. One of the big coal railroads once put every freight car on side tracks at night because the president was going over the line. Another road side-tracked hundreds of cars of grain and live stock and left the track clear between the beginning and end of the president's journey. As an additional precaution a pilot engine is sent ahead of the president's train to see that the track is safe.

To arrange the schedules for a presidential journey is no small undertaking. George W. Boyd has done more of this than any other railroad man, and he could arrange to take the president safely around the world on forty-eight hours' notice. When the president wants to make a long journey he usually calls Mr. Boyd in for consultation as an expert. Mr. Boyd looks up the regular schedules of all the roads to be covered and calculates the running time of their trains. He has to balance everything with great nicety so as not to bring the president to a big city at 2 in the morning

or land him at a terminal without provision for continuing the journey on some other line. When he has mapped out the trips he telegraphs the officials of all the railroads to ask if they can pick the president's train up at this point at that time and take it through to the other station at such an hour. This schedule includes all the important stops, with an allowance of five or ten minutes for each daylight station on the route. When the railroads agree to the schedule it is finally delivered to the president.

Thus the president personally has very little voice in the matter. He must pass through certain places en route to his destination. Public sentiment demands that he stop for five minutes here and half an hour there. Between these stops the speed capacity of the railroad must be considered, and the president seldom travels at the highest rate for fear of accident. At the end of the route the president has to go through a program of speech-making and dining and sight-seeing arranged by the committee.

President Harrison and President Cleveland always took newspaper correspondents with them on their journeys. President McKinley so far has refused to do so, and his secretaries have made up a report of the incidents of the trips to be given to the press, with copies of the president's speeches where the president's train stops. The speeches are not prepared, except for important occasions. The president has his own stenographer take note of what he says in his impromptu speeches and then carefully revises the manuscript. All this business is handled for him by his private secretary, George B. Cortelyou, who always accompanies him.

The president always chooses the members of his party. With the exception of the train crew, every man or woman aboard is his guest. One feature of the expense of the journey the president usually pays for. It is the provisioning of his car. It is no small part of the cost of a trip, for in much of the sparsely settled western country through which President McKinley must necessarily pass on his next trip he will breakfast and dine on the train. It is a matter of pride with the car cook to put an elaborate meal before the president three times a day, so when the car is stocked the best of everything is taken aboard.—New York Sun.

SOMETHING NEW IN STEEL.

Alleged Discovery That Is Expected to Revolutionize a Great Industry.

Just as Americans begin to feel that they are upon the verge of developing superiority to Great Britain, not only in shipbuilding, but in the steel trade, in which such a number of valuable foreign contracts have lately been taken by our manufacturers in the face of British competition; and just as nature seems to encourage the American aspiration by showing that the English coal mines will be exhausted within another fifty years, science seems to be coming to the aid of the Britisher, and may be about to open new fields of competition in steel in which America must take part if she is to maintain her hard-earned prestige.

The discovery has been demonstrated in London, and is being made much of by the English press, that the ability to produce perfect steel by casting it in a vacuum made by liquid hydrogen with a process that it is not proposed to make public, has at last attained practicability. A company has been formed with a capital of thirty thousand pounds to experimentally develop the process and if the plan is as successful as Professor Dewar, the discoverer, presumes it will be, the air bubbles that now cause flaws and weakness in steel will be done away with and a metal will result such as the world has never seen. To say that this means a possible revolution in the steel trade is to put it mildly, and if the English government can control the process, as it is now intimated may be the case, then American scientists and those of other countries will be put upon their mettle to get even with the Britishers.

Liquid hydrogen, which is the great agent now discovered, is described as a clear, colorless, transparent and very volatile fluid, no clearer than pure water, but only one-fourteenth the density of water. In its lightness it is out of all proportion to any known liquid. A piece of paper when placed in it sinks. The difference between liquid hydrogen and liquid air is as great if not greater than the difference between the ordinary temperature and liquid air. Liquid hydrogen places temperature at within twenty degrees of absolute zero, which is represented by 494 degrees Fahrenheit and 273 degrees Centigrade below zero. The boiling point of liquid hydrogen is 252 degrees below zero, at which it is capable of enormous pressure.

The discovery must affect every problem of physics and chemistry. Its possibilities are illimitable. It may revolutionize the methods that have been laboriously built up during the last three hundred years.

Thirty-six foreign vessels, having an aggregate tonnage of 57,556, met with disaster in American waters last year.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Charcoal used to be the fuel in the manufacture of steel. Coke has taken its place.

There are in the world about ninety establishments devoted to spinning silk waste.

Pennsylvania coal-mines are preparing to substitute compressed air for mules as the motive power for the cars in the underground workings.

Platinum has been drawn into smooth wire so fine that it could not be distinguished by the naked eye, even when stretched across a piece of white cardboard.

A Turgan steam boiler is now made in Paris, France, which, with a weight under a ton, gives sixty horse power. It only occupies rather more than a cubic yard of space.

Liquid air expands 132,109 foot pounds to one pound of air, and is capable of developing tremendous power, but only the most skilled chemists dare to handle the new force.

Milk has been shown by experiment to have advantages in extinguishing burning petroleum. It forms an emulsion with the oil, and in a limited space is thus made to quench flames upon which water could be thrown with little effect.

To establish a steel-rail works, an expenditure of \$3,000,000, is required before a single rail can be turned out. The steel is made to conform to an accurate chemical composition—the most accurate in the ordinary range of technical operations.

A writer in the Edinburgh Medical Journal declares that many fancied disorders of the stomach are really the results of the metabolic misdeeds of bacteria in the intestines. Rest, mild diet, and cheese are among the remedies suggested.

Electricity, when unretarded by atmospheric influences, travels at the rate of 228,000 miles a second. Along a wire it is of course vastly slower, and a perceptible period of time is occupied by the electric current in sending telegrams over long distances.

It is said that some 9,000,000 acres of land in Italy, the cultivation of which has been abandoned because of malaria, are to be developed by the aid of American capital. Land of this nature can be reclaimed by drainage and proper attention to sanitary laws.

Sawdust is turned into transportable fuel in Germany by a very simple process. It is heated under high steam pressure until the resinous ingredients become sticky, when it is pressed into bricks. One man, with a two-horse power machine, can turn out 9000 bricks a day.

HOW WE WASTE FOOD.

It Costs Twice What It Should to Feed This Family.

The results of a single dietary study will show the general trend of the investigations of Professor Atwater, the expert of the United States food commission. It was made in the family of a mechanic consisting of father, mother and three small daughters. According to the standards the family should have had a little more than the daily food required by three men.

This family paid for food \$12.22 in ten days, or at the rate of about \$37 per month. Their rent was \$12 per month. When the man had work, he earned about \$50 per month. Deducting the cost of food and rent from this only \$7 per month remains for fuel, light, clothing and the numerous other requirements of a family. With good management in its purchase and preparation, food sufficient to meet the needs of a man at moderate work for a day can be obtained at a cost ranging from fifteen to twenty cents. The food of the family of a well-to-do professional man, whose dietary was recently studied, cost eighteen cents per day, or but little more than half the cost of that of the family quoted in the table. By the proper expenditure of their money the New York family would have been able to buy their food for \$75 to \$20 instead of \$30 per month. The purchase of condensed milk, prepared flour, poultry and most kinds of fish, was unwise. Ordinary milk and flour and the cheaper cuts of beef would have been more economical. The amount of food purchased might well have been reduced twenty-five per cent., and with some intelligent substitution this would have effected the saving indicated. The cost of their living would have been extravagant for a well-to-do family, and for people in poverty such as theirs it was ruinous.

In general, the investigations show that we waste food in two ways. We throw away a great deal that might well be eaten, and we eat too much. The cure for the former mistake can be found only in more careful household management. The remedy for the latter evil must come from the more general spread of such information as is contained in the tables accompanying this article, and from an appreciation of the fact that in the matter of food, economy and frugality are not only respectable but eminently desirable in giving us healthful bodies and efficient minds.—E. W. Mayo in Ainslee's.

It cost Professor Dewar \$3000 to produce his first ounce of liquid air.

A MODEL STATE PRISON.

MONTANA'S PENITENTIARY CLASSED AS AN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION.

The Massive and Beautiful Structure Built Entirely By the Convicts—School Privileges Accorded to the Inmates and Musical Instruction Furnished Them.

The Montana state penitentiary at Helena in its care for and management of its prisoners is a unique institution and might well be taken as a model by many institutions of a like character in the older states. Not only is every effort made to benefit the unfortunate inmates and fit them for honest lives after they shall have left the prison walls, but much is done to render their present condition cheerful. Wardens Conley and McTague, who have had charge of the prison for many years, act upon the theory that, with all possible alleviations, penitentiary life is a severe punishment and that a large percentage of the men will quickly show their appreciation of kindness by being far more tractable than if they were not accorded any privileges.

The latest innovation is the introduction of a brass band within the penitentiary. The band, consisting of twenty-four pieces, has been recently organized and is under the instruction of a bandmaster, who also acts as one of the guards of the prison.

The penitentiary might also be classed as an educational institution. In the prison school, organized four years since, are taught all the English branches of the ordinary grammar schools, in addition to penmanship, bookkeeping, typewriting, telegraphy and photography. A telegraphic apparatus has been set up in the penitentiary for the use of the pupils. Teachers as well as students are taken from among the inmates.

The school is at present closed owing to the recent departure of its principal. This young man, known as Harry Brett, is from an English family of standing and wealth, whose name is known but to one or two in this state. To escape the result of youthful escapades he came to Montana under an assumed name. He was at one time assistant city clerk of Helena, and while holding that position forged a large number of city warrants. Others were implicated, but he alone was convicted.

A brother in England kept himself informed of Brett's history and a short time before the expiration of his sentence wrote to the governor of Montana, asking for his brother's release and offering to send money enough to set him up in business in Australia. His brother's request was granted and a short time since Brett left the prison and the same day was on his way to Australia to begin life anew.

But the prison school is not the only remarkable feature of this institution. In the work performed by the convicts within the past few years, the Montana penitentiary has made a record which is to the credit of its managers. Until within the last five or six years the state prison consisted of a few log buildings of various sizes and one solid stone structure, all surrounded by a high board fence. The present prison building ranks among the finest in the United States. Few will excel in solidity or beauty, for while symmetrical in outline it is far less severe in appearance than the usual building of that class, being more elaborate in detail, more modern in design and surpassing in point of architectural beauty most institutions of similar character.

The building is of brick, riveted with rugged, native granite, 188 feet in length, 50 feet in width and nearly 45 feet in height, with four towers rising to a height of 69 feet, the whole containing a floor space of 59,500 feet. In addition to this is what is known as the "Assembly hall," a building two stories high, 170 by 60 feet, composed entirely of brick with trimmings of granite blocks. Surrounding both buildings is a wall of native rock, evenly cut and perfectly matched, extending nine feet into the ground, 20 feet in height, finished with a coping three feet wide, with massive entrances, and with four towers 40 feet in height. These new buildings and improvements, which ordinarily would have involved in their construction an expenditure of nearly quarter of a million, have been built by the inmates of the prison, all within the space of four years and at a cost to the state of less than \$50,000.

This work was at first undertaken as an experiment with many doubts and misgivings, but in a short time the wisdom of the plan was demonstrated, so that when it was decided to erect the main building—the most recently completed portion of the work—although it involved considerable responsibility, yet the commissioners and managers had not the slightest hesitation in giving work to the prisoners. There were no quarrels among the men, no insubordination, and no attempted escapes while the work was in progress. Without chains or fetters, and with but few guards, the men quarried the rock, cut and dressed the granite blocks, moulded and burned the bricks, dug the sand, burned the lime, cut the logs and sawed the lumber.

In less than a year and a half they completed the massive and beautiful

structure. With the exception of the superintendent, the foreman of the brick yard and a tinner employed to superintend the covering of the roof, it is wholly, from beginning to end, the work of laborers, mostly unskilled, and all designated as "criminals." Even the architect who furnished the design for the building was himself a prisoner, whose sentence expired a few weeks prior to the commencement of the construction.

The two buildings will accommodate over 500 prisoners. The main building is the prison proper, the assembly hall containing on the first floor the prison bakery, kitchen, laundry, bathroom, storage rooms and various shops, while on the second floor are located the drug store, hospital, library and the large dining room and assembly hall. This also has cells for about 200 prisoners and contains the female dormitories. There are now about 350 inmates of the institution. The prisoner longest in the institution is an old man, sentenced to life imprisonment for murder, who has now served twenty years, and the latest arrival is within the past few days, sent up for highway robbery. There have been 27 deaths in the penitentiary since its establishment, about 1871. Of this number four were colored men and eleven were Indians or half-breeds, the Indians being unable to endure confinement dying invariably of consumption.

It is rather unusual to see within prison walls hundreds of men of all ages and nationalities patiently mastering the various branches, from reading and spelling up to the higher mathematics; to hear the click of the telegraphic instruments, the clatter of typewriters and the hum of recitation classes, interspersed with lessons in music, vocal and instrumental; but this is what may be seen and heard in the state penitentiary of one of the youngest states in the union, thanks to a wise board of prison commissioners and to the intelligent and uniring efforts of its managers.

CAME THE HOBOS' WAY.

A Veracious Yarn About an Episode on the Cowcatcher.

"It was way back in the seventies," said an old engineer. "I was pulling 'the limited' east from Council Bluffs to Chicago over the Rock Island. The night was bitterly cold. We had gone about twenty miles out and had stopped at a night office for orders and had started up again, when the fireman reached over and said: 'There is a hobo on the pilot; saw him get on at the station.' 'Sure,' I said. 'Go out on the running board and see if he's there yet.' The fireman did as he was ordered to do and returned with the information that the hobo was still there.

"Well," said I, "it's a bitter cold night, and if he can stand it out there I am willing he should ride with me." And on we went toward Chicago with old '211' barking like sixty at the low joints ahead and forgetful of our 'head-end' passenger on the pilot.

"By and by, by the faint glimmering of the headlight, I thought I saw ahead what seemed to be a bunch of cattle on the track. As we approached it the bunch seemed to grow larger. It was now too late to do anything, so I just pulled her wide open and old '211' hit that bunch of cattle 'ka-biff.' To paraphrase the language of Tennyson, who glides into raptures of admiration over the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, there was just simply cattle to the right of us, cattle to the left of us and cattle to the rear of us, but none any more in front of us. After it was over our thoughts reverted to the hobo on the pilot. 'Go out and see if he is still there,' I said.

"Well," said an old brakeman, under whose feet the frosts of many winters had crackled as he wended his way in the dark over many a long train of box cars and who had been listening to the story. "Well," said he, "was he killed?"

"No," replied the engineer. "There he sat, as large as any hobo could sit, on the pilot, with an oyster can milking one of those blamed cows."

How They Catch Scorchers in London.

A great many communications have recently been sent to the London papers saying that the Kingston police always catch the wrong person when they attempt to stop the wheelmen from furious riding. The policemen have contradicted these accusations. There seems to be a mistake somewhere. Possibly the true explanation may be found in what is said to be a "true American story" printed in the London Mail. This story, says The Mail, has a great bearing on the case at hand. There is a certain time when the vision of the officer loses the real offender and he never gets him within the range of his eyes again. Here is the story, which is said to explain matters: "A gentleman was leaning out of a railway carriage window to kiss his wife, who was on the platform bidding him good-by. The train, however, moved on with that celerity for which American trains are famous in anecdote; so fast, indeed, that the chaste salute was bestowed on a porter at the next station. The suggestion is that, as the cyclists travel so fast in Kingston, the police do not catch the scorcher, but the slow rider who is coming up just behind him."

